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A HUSBAND'S CROWN

If the devil had stood (as perchance he did) at the elbow of Mr. Checketts, and listened to the low ripple of mocking laughter, he would doubtless have patted him approvingly on the back, and said: "Bravo! my child! There is many a fiend couldn't do that better in Pandemonium."

When the secretary had yawned and stretched his wearied limbs several times while he emphatically cursed "old Davenport" for "lagging him out like this," he rose and went to a bureau, from a drawer of which he took a small packet of papers and a large key. The papers he arranged upon the table singly, side by side with the key.

"Here is an extremely dangerous hand of cards," he murmured. "But in a short while they will cease to exist. Then I shall feel secure."

Presently the door was opened noiselessly and Van Blarcom entered, closing it after him with great care.

"Are the blinds quite down?" inquired he, cautiously.

"Of course they are," replied Checketts.

"Then draw the chandelier lower and turn up the gas. We shall want fire if we don't want light. What's that?"

"What?"

"That noise."

"I did not hear anything. Come, Van Blarcom, you are getting nervous without cause. We are safe enough here surely."

"I suppose so. But ever since that infernal apparition in the haunted bower I have been on the tremble. I wonder what it was? We ought to have examined the place thoroughly."

"Why didn't you do so, then?"

"Because you ran away."

"And you followed."

"Well, we will not wrangle. We were a pair of idiots. Effect of the sudden shock perhaps unnerved us. I have not recovered from it; that's a fact."

"I have. Do you know what I think that ghost was?"

"No."

"An owl; nothing more."

"Of course — no doubt — must have been," said Van Blarcom, with a sigh of immense relief. "By Jingo! how strange we never thought of it at the time? Certainly; you have it. An owl! Ah, ah, ah!"

Van Blarcom felt as though he could have pressed his associate with a purse of gold for that brilliant suggestion. No one suffers more from superstitious terror than the wicked.

"Let us come to business," remarked Checketts. "Have you brought my humble imitation of other people's signatures that you have held so long?"

"Yes; here it is."

"Thanks. Would you mind placing it upon the table to join the other links. There they lie; forming a chain strong enough to drag us to Sing Sing for ten years."

His companion winced.

"Now," resumed Checketts, taking up the key and regarding it with an eye of affectionate criticism, "here is the elegant bit of steel that gave me access to the check-book. I had it made expressly, as you are aware by an artisan friend of mine—a cunning worker in metals—who will manufacture any interesting bit of mechanism from a wax model or otherwise, and ask no questions, provided that his remuneration be prompt and satisfactory. From a sentimental point of view of gratitude for the service it has rendered I would fain keep it; but that, like most sentiments, would be unwise. Take it, and pitch it into the river tomorrow morning without fail. I have no fear of you retaining it. Key, farewell!"

Checketts paused for a moment with a ludicrous assumption of sadness. Perhaps he really did regret the fate of the doomed key, in the same way as a burglar might feel when compelled by circumstances to sacrifice a favorite jemmy.

"These," he continued, placing his fat thumb upon the different documents spread on the table, as he referred to them severally—"these will give less trouble. Here are certain memoranda and correspondence through the instrumentality of which a certain check was cashed at Montreal. Here is an acknowledgment of a heavy sum due conditionally from you to me. And here is a later contribution, just brought by yourself, seriously compromising my unspotted fame. Which shall we begin with first? I have no choice."

"Nor I either. Put them all together, and burn them over the gas at the same moment."

"An excellent idea. Suppose we do."

"Suppose we don't!" said a deep voice from the bookcase, as the doors of that massive piece of furniture were flung open, and a burly figure, followed by three other figures more or less formidable, leaped upon the scene. "Suppose we reserve these papers for another purpose," the burly one went on, coolly sweeping them from the table into his pocket. "Suppose we take a little legal and judicialy advice upon the subject before we commit ourselves to any rash action. What do you say? Agreeable?"

It would require the pencil of a Leech to give an adequate idea of the stupified amazement with which the two scoundrels regarded this undreamt-of invasion upon the privacy of their conference.

They stood literally paralyzed with fear and astonishment. The dilated eyes, the fallen jaws, the ashy hue of Van Blarcom, were only to be equalled by similar phenomena in the person of Checketts. The tremulous motion of the one's knees kept time to the chattering of the secretary's teeth.

The hair of the former stood on end like the fibre on the head of a pith doll when it is subjected to an electric current. The forced curls which the latter cultivated with untold pains and the frequent application of patent fluids," lost their spiral briskness, and hung dank and straight over his clammy brow. You never saw such a picture of miserable terror as the criminals presented when their bloodshot glances fell upon Richard Davenport, Reginald Gwynne, the detective, and his assistant officer.

"The game is over," said Bing, "so you may as well throw up the sponge gracefully. Darley Crowe alias John Checketts, and Gerald Van Blarcom I arrest both of you on the charge of forgery and conspiracy."

Checketts was the first to recover his faculties of speech and motion, which he immediately employed to throw himself at the feet of his master.

"It's not me," he gurgled; "I was only a tool. Van Blarcom incited me to act with him. He hatched the plot. He is the real swindler, not me. I'll turn evidence against him. I'll tell all about it. I'll do anything. Search him! search him!" he screamed. "You'll find the key of your safe in his pocket now. That's proof that I didn't forge the check. Prosecute him for it, and let me appear as witness. Do let me appear as witness, good, kind Mr. Davenport!"

"Get up, you beast!" said the merchant, spurning his prostrate secretary with his foot. We forgive the old man that ebullition of scorn, seeing that we should very likely have done the same thing under the circumstances.

A sudden movement on the part of Van Blarcom now caught the watchful eyes of Bing.

"The door, Henrick!" he cried to his assistant.

For once the clever detective made a mistake. He should have said "The windows!" Van Blarcom darted to the nearest, raised the Venetian blind, flung up the lower sash, and disappeared into the darkness without before a hand could be raised to prevent him.

Bing rushed after him just in time to seize a heel, which, of course, slipped from his grasp.

"Where is he? He hasn't fallen!" exclaimed the baffled Bing, foaming with rage at what looked very like the escape of one of his prisoners.

"There he is, on the vine outside—I see him!" cried Reginald, who had likewise flown in pursuit. "Good God! he will be killed. The vine is breaking away!"

As he spoke a tearing, wrenching sound was heard, twigs snapped, branches bent and broke—a hoarse cry burst upon the still night air—a heavy thud sent a dull echo from the terrace below.

"He is down!" said the detective and Reginald in the same breath.

They were right. He was down, indeed. He was dead!

At first no one exactly realized what had happened. The catastrophe had been so undreamt of, so sudden, so complete. A rush was made for the terrace by Mr. Davenport, Reginald, and Bing, who were joined on their way thither by several startled servants, aroused to the fact that something unusual was occurring, burglars being, of course, the prominent idea, an impression which had the effect of causing them to shine more brilliantly in the rear than in advance guard.

"Run for a doctor, some of you!" cried Mr. Davenport, as they disentangled the comfortless form of Gerald Van Blarcom from the mass of leaves and branches that covered it.

"Yes, I suppose it will be better to do so, for form's sake," observed the detective quietly.

"What do you mean? You do not think he is beyond the reach of hope?"

"I do, though. If he didn't beg forgiveness for his sins on his way from the window to the ground, he has lost his last chance of uttering a prayer in this world."

"I am afraid you are right," whispered Reginald, rising from his examination of the dead man. "His heart does not give the faintest sign of a throb."

"Well, lift him carefully into the house, and place him in the first room where there is a sofa. Perhaps the vital spark is not entirely extinct," said Mr. Davenport.

There was something so dreadful in standing before this shattered ruin of his enemy that the old man experienced a thrill of compassion. A few moments ago his rage against him was burning like furnace seven times heated. He would have chased him with unrelenting, merciless steps to any doom of disgrace or misery. But now the king of terrors arose, black and awful, between them, hurling him back, snatching revenge from his grasp, and forcing him to remember with a shudder those words of defiance, "Unfolded power—Vengeance is *mine I* will repay."

When the doctor made his appearance, his inspection of the body was of the briefest. He simply lifted the head once or twice, and immediately delivered himself of a verdict which set all doubts at rest for evermore."

"Neck broken."

By this time the entire household was aroused. Kate and Edith came downstairs trembling to make inquiries. The former was prepared for a denouement of some kind, for she was not in the least degree in the detective's confidence. He had revealed to her that this night was to witness the execution of his design—that he was about to strike a blow at their cunning enemies which would render them powerless, and bring upon them a punishment too long deferred—that on the morrow her beloved husband would be set free, unsullied in name and honor.

The exact means by which all this was to be brought about she did not know. Bing was very secretive in his nature, and never confided his ultimate plans to anyone if he could avoid it. He told Kate to leave that part of the business in his hands, for her share in the difficult task was ended, and he advised her to retire early and endeavour to get a few hours' rest, of which he saw, poor girl, she was greatly in need.

She obeyed him, as she had done all through in the smallest matters. But sleep was out of the question; and when the noise and confusion consequent upon the events just described had somewhat subsided, she could contain her burning anxiety no longer. So, rousing Edith, who had fallen into a slight doze, they crept forth from their chamber together—nervously—hand in hand.

They came upon Reginald and Bing engaged in a whispered consultation.

"What is the matter?" inquired Kate.

"Hush!" said Reginald. "We thought you might come down, so we stood here to intercept you. There has been an accident, and your presence can do no good."

"It is all right, so far as we are concerned," said the detective, with a reassuring glance. "We have trapped our birds—one of them, at least—and the other trapped himself very effectually. To-morrow, as I told you, Mr. Lawrence will be free."

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands fervently. "But what is the accident you spoke of, Reginald?"

"Better tell her," said Bing, "or I will, if you like. Well, miss—madam, I should say—the worst of the two precious scoundrels we came to capture has escaped the claws of human justice."

"How? Mr. Van Blarcom?"

"You have guessed correctly. He is the worst. When he found how neatly we had bluffed him he made a desperate attempt to get away through the window. But fortune did not favor him very far. The vine he clung to broke away, and he came to the ground with a crash."

"And he was hurt?"

"No; he could not have suffered very much, except from the first shock of the fall. He was killed on the spot."

Neither Kate nor Edith could suppress the cry — half-horror, half-pity — that sprang to their lips. They, too, in that moment, could forgive the wretched man whose wickedness had well-nigh encompassed their utter ruin and that of all they cherished and held dear.

Oh! Death, thou great leveller of earthly destinies, before whose tremendous stroke all our enmity, and passion, and resentment must be swallowed up for ever—surely thy victories are not all covered by the grave? Thou canst dig a tomb in the hearts of the living, and bid the sweet flower of Pardon bloom upon the ashes of bygone injuries, however deep.

"And now I'll be off and attend to the safe keeping of the prisoner I have succeeded in securing. I am afraid Mr. John Checketts won't pass such a comfortable night as he anticipated. The police station is rather a dreary lodging for a gentleman accustomed to collier quarters."

With these words Mr. Bing retired.

"Had you not better see Mr. Davenport now, and explain your relationship?" inquired Reginald of Kate.

"I think not," she answered, reflectively. "I would rather Lawrence spoke the first words of reconciliation to his father. Until they have met, and peace between them is restored, let us keep silence."

"You will not forget to say a good word for me and Reginald, in the fulness of your power," whispered Edith, slyly.

"Never fear!" Kate smiled back at her. "I will plead your cause with the enthusiasm of an apostle and the determination of a tyrant."

CHAPTER X.

Worth bears the same relation to wealth as the diamond does to its setting.

The evidence against Checketts was so conclusive that when the crestfallen knave was charged at the police court in the morning the judge at once committed him for trial.

We may add that a few weeks later a jury, mainly composed of commercial men, feeling scant mercy for a forger, found him guilty in two minutes without leaving the box, and a stern judge sentenced him to a long term of imprisonment.

The secretary now passes from our view like a black shadow in a galanty show. He has gone suddenly and completely. He will not again appear before the spectators of the drama.

Very soon our little theatre itself will be dismounted. We shall pack up the "properties," shoulder the posts, and walk away to look out for a likely "pitch" in a fresh neighborhood.

Perhaps some among our present audience may come across us again at the other end of the town, and recognise the same familiar puppets dressed up in a new fashion, dancing to the same old pipe as it whistles another tune.

Lawrence was, of course, immediately released. He was met in the first moment of his regained liberty by Kate, Reginald, and Edith. How fondly he strained his brave little wife to his heart and covered her fair face with kisses! How earnestly he clasped his friend by the hand as he said, in a voice of emotion—

"Thank you, old boy. Thank you!"

How unutterably sweet to him was the affectionate embrace of his gentle sister! What a delicious sensation it was to breathe again in the air of perfect freedom—not only from the four dreary walls where he had been confined during the remand but more than all from the oppressive weight of impending and unmerited disgrace! The hard flag-stones upon which he trod seemed to possess the elasticity of indiarubber.

"It is the separation from you, my darling, that was the worst to bear," he murmured in Kate's ear. "The thought of your misery has, at times, nearly driven me mad. I could not have borne it much longer—I could not!"

"We will never, never again be parted, Lawrence," she whispered back. "Our great trouble has been bitter indeed, but it has been brief. Oh, we shall understand far better the value of our happiness now, my husband, my love!"

"Look here," said Reginald from the rear, "you two naturally desire to be together, and as Edie and I feel, in consequence, most awkwardly in the way, we will take the liberty of walking ourselves off for the present. Where shall we meet later on?"

"At Davenport Lodge," replied Kate, glancing shyly at Lawrence.

"Never!" exclaimed her husband, sternly, as a dark look flitted across his face. "Do you think I would—"

"Yes, dear," she interrupted, gently. "I feel you would—I am sure you would. I know you will when you have heard what I have to tell you. Let us hail yonder cab and speak of this as we go along."

"I cannot—cannot go there," repeated Lawrence.

"Well, when are we to see you?" inquired Reginald again, as they shook hands at the door of the vehicle.

"This evening, at Davenport Lodge," answered Kate, firmly.

Lawrence said nothing, but he looked terribly gloomy.

As they drove on, Kate took his hand and softly kissed it.

"For my sake, then, dearest," she said. "Lawrence, I believe your father's heart is breaking. He has done us a grievous wrong, but his sufferings have been cruel—intense."

"He deserves them all."

"Doubtless; but we must not keep the wounds open—we must heal them. It is ours to pardon, ours to comfort. We have so much joy of our own that we can well afford to scatter some it around us, and, first of all, over him. We must forgive him, not with the lips only, but from the heart."

"A hard duty."

"But a holy one, Lawrence. Be noble. Let love triumph over enmity."

"You are Love," he answered, tenderly, "and Love shall gain the victory."

"You forgive him?" she said, sadly, sniffing up through tears, as her head reclined on his breast.

"Yes, my dear one."

"Freely—unconditionally—as I do?"

"I will try."

"And you will go and see him—today?"

"Will not to-morrow do as well?"

"No, to-day. Say you will!"

"So be it, then, sweet tyrant of my heart. What is there I would not do if only you asked me!"

"I know one thing," she said, archly. "What may that be, you puss!"

"Defer our honeymoon for another week, and—"

His mustache, in close proximity to her lips, prevented the remainder of the sentence from becoming audible. And here it will be well if we follow the polite example previously set by Reginald and Edith and "take ourselves off."

Four hours that day Richard Davenport wandered restless'y about his house and grounds, plunged in the deepest melancholy, and haunted by the bitterest reflections.

Edith had returned, accompanied only by Reginald Gwynne. The old man had cherished a vague hope that the message of humility which he had sent by his daughter would induce Lawrence to come back with them. Now he dreaded that his son's affection was lost to him forever. That he deserved to lose it he was fully conscious, but the gnawing pain at his heart was only increased by the knowledge. There remained now only one thing to be done. He must seek Lawrence out, fling himself at his feet, and crave for pardon. How was the haughty spirit fallen and the proud nature crushed when he decided to do this! And yet he had so determined. He was willing at last to expiate his errors on any altar, however lowly, if the sacrifice might only be accepted. That was all he hoped, all he prayed for, to clasp his son in his arms and say—

"Lawrence, I have sinned. Pity and forgive me."

Not very late in the afternoon Lawrence arrived at the Lodge with Kate upon his arm, and they were received joyfully by Edith and Reginald. Richard Davenport had shut himself up in the library, by way of a change, perhaps, and was not aware of their presence under his roof.

"I will go in and see him alone," said Lawrence. "And Kate, when you hear me call you come in to us."

"I will wait near," she answered. "But, Lawrence, remember, no reproaches, no cruel words, no unkind memories."

"No, dear."

"Promise me, promise me—not one!"

"Not one. For your sake, wifey, not one."

"Go, my noble boy! carry peace to that poor, sorrowful old man who, whatever may have been his faults, is still your father—and mine."

Lawrence answered her with a glance of generous meaning as he turned the handle, entered the room, and closed the door softly behind him.

There are scenes so solemn that even the story-teller shrinks from intruding upon them. There are gaps in most histories that should remain sacred, silent, unprofaned. The door that shut out even Kate and Edith, and Reginald, must include us also. Tears such as doubtless flowed at that first painful meeting between the repentant father and the injured son require no witness of earth.

After the lapse of what seemed an age to the three anxious watchers in an adjoining chamber, Kate heard her name softly called by Lawrence, and advanced to the library, where he admitted her.

She saw Richard Davenport standing in the centre of the room, pale, but composed. An expression of subdued gladness irradiated his face, causing the mouth she had once thought somewhat hard to grow tender, and the eyes she had hitherto seen veiled in sternest gloom to listen with the light of some new great joy springing up within him. As Kate looked upon him she knew that her husband had kept his word, and that the reconciliation was complete.

The old man stepped forward to meet her, and, taking both her hands in his, gazed at her with a strange mingling of earnestness, timidity, and affection.

"So you are Lawrence's wife!" he said, at length. "Can you find a little place in your heart for one who, by errors, well-nigh unpardonable, brought such heavy trouble upon your earliest wedded hours?"

"Do not let us speak of the past," she replied. "Have we not each of us been the victim of a wicked plot? Kiss me, father; kiss me, and forget it all."

He embraced her fondly, and pressed his lips to her cheek several times.

"Brave, beautiful girl!" he exclaimed. "How can I ever be grateful to you as you deserve?"

"By not thinking me an impostor," she smiled, for coming to your house as Miss Raymond instead of Kate Davenport. I am not wholly to blame in that matter. It was the detective who organized the scheme, and I placed myself entirely under his guidance, believing in his wisdom and experience."

"You did right, my dear. You did more than right. You did more than right. You showed wonderful courage and devotion, without which ruin must have overtaken me like an awful tempest. I have just heard the whole story from Lawrence, and I need hardly tell you with what astonishment I listened. My admiration, and, let me say, my love for you is boundless. If I could only do something to prove my gratitude! But that is impossible."

"Not at all, papa. I have a great favor to ask of you. I came in here prepared to cry 'A boon—a boon!'"

"Name it, my child. Nothing you may ask me will I refuse, 'even to half my kingdom,'" he said, gayly.

"That is exactly what I am about to require of you; but not for myself. One half is already secured to me" (she indicated Lawrence with a playful wave of her hand), "and I am perfectly satisfied with my share. I now wish you to dispose of the other half according to my will and pleasure. Of course, you will understand that I speak of dear Edith?"

"Yes; and what of her?"

"I want you to give her away."

"Give her away? To whom?"

"To the man she loves—to the man who loves her."

"And he is—"

"Lieutenant Gwynne. Our warm-hearted, faithful friend, Reginald."

"I guessed as much," laughed Davenport. "In my dark days I had a hazy suspicion that a liking had grown up between the two; but I had no idea it had taken such deep root already. You want to seize the bull by the horns—to strike while the iron's hot—to hit a poor fellow when he's down. That's it—eh?"

"We do," said Kate with demure frankness. "We are selfish. We desire to enlarge the circle of our bliss so that it may take us all within its bounds, including yours, sir."

"Well, where are they?" he cried, rubbing his hands, gleefully. "Bring them in! I'll give them a lecture—I'll serve them out for all their sly tricks—I'll show them what it is to try and get over an old father in this way—I'll beat them for ever, and ever, and ever. Bring them in!"

Kate flew to the door.

"Edith—Reginald!" she cried.

The young lovers entered immediately, being, as we may suppose, not a hundred miles away, by preconcerted arrangement with Kate, the conspirator.

"Now, sir," said Davenport, addressing the lieutenant with a comical air, something between a smile and a frown—"seems to me, sir, that you have been making love to my daughter without my knowledge or consent. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Simply this, Mr. Davenport, that I love her as my life. You might trust her to a richer and, maybe, a better man than I am; but not to one to whom she can be more dear."

"I suppose I must believe that your excuse is greater than your fault?"

"It is indeed, sir."

"And what does my little Edith say? Come hither, child, and breathe a word in your father's ear."

Edith placed her arms around her father's neck, and drew his face close down to her blushing cheek.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" he said, in reply to her whisper. "Then there is nothing left for me but to turn you both, neck and crop, out of the house, with an old slipper flying after you—at the proper time, I mean. Here, Gwynne, take her, and be as happy as you can. She has positively had the assurance to admit to me that she loves you! I confess myself defeated all around and glory in the fact. They say marriages are made in heaven, and in that case a mere wealth-accumulating machine like myself may consider it fortunate if his gold is employed to no worse purpose than to set off gems of Heaven's own selection."

The First Young Girl Cremated.

The first young girl to be cremated in America was nineteen-year-old Alida Weissleder, the daughter of the Superintendent of the Brush Electric Light Company, in Cincinnati. Her body was burned recently at the crematory in that city. The corpse, wrapped in white alum linen, with white and yellow roses on the breast, was slid into the retort by two attendants, who at once retired, and in the stillness that followed the mourners could hear the puff and sizzle of the gases of the body as the heat devoured it. After an hour the blue flames stopped circling about the body, and a long white streak was seen where it had been. These ashes, when gathered up, weighed less than a pound. They were returned to the parents, and will be preserved in an urn. It was the ninth incineration at the crematory.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

History of King Kalakaua's Disposed Prime Minister.

The Nomadic Life of Walter M. Gibson.—His Career as Coachman and Scholar in the South.—His Travels.

An interesting sketch of the romantic and checkered career of Walter M. Gibson, King Kalakaua's deposed Prime Minister, comes from Anderson, S. C., where he spent many years of his early life. The facts in this story have been gathered from several old citizens of Anderson, who knew Gibson as a boy nearly fifty years ago, and with whom he roved the hills of the Blue Ridge in pursuit of game that has long since disappeared to the deeper fastnesses of the great mountains beyond.

About 1829 Mr. William Van Wyck, a wealthy planter of Anderson County, was married to Miss Maverick, and the young couple started to New York on a bridal trip. In New York Mr. Van Wyck advertised for a driver to take his coach back to South Carolina, and among the applicants who came in answer to the advertisement was young Walter M. Gibson, then a mere boy, but already had he gathered enough experience and knowledge of the world to form the basis for a respectable dime novel. Of Gibson's life previous to this time nothing definite was known, but it was said that he was of foreign birth, and that he had already been in prison in Greece, but had escaped by the aid of the keeper's daughters, and that he had returned to New York, for he had previously spent some time there.

A SCHOLARLY COACHMAN.

Gibson saw the advertisement of Mr. Van Wyck, and, being out of funds, and also to gratify his roving, romantic spirit, he applied and was accepted. Gibson drove the horses from New York to Norfolk, Va., where his employer, who had come by a different route, joined him with his wife, and were driven from Norfolk to Pendleton, S. C. While on the road Mr. and Mrs. Van Wyck were carrying on conversations in French and German, until Gibson told them that if they wished him not to understand them they must use some other language. This led to inquiry, and Mr. Van Wyck discovered that his boy coachman was a scholar, and, though a coachman, he was treated as one. A white servant was something unusual in the South at that time, and Mr. Van Wyck's driver excited a good deal of attention, especially as he always had a book with him, and would spend his time reading while those he drove were visiting. That Gibson was strongly attached to his employer and his family is seen in the reverence with which he speaks of them in a book written after his escape from the Dutch in Sumatra. In this book, written in the prison of Welterreden, he makes the following remarks on his boyhood in South Carolina:

The region of country in which I dwelt, the upland border of the State, is a chosen spot of nature to foster the ardor of young thoughts of novel and lofty enterprise. There are no groupings of earth and woods and streams that offer wilder and richer pictures than can be seen along the windings of the Keowee, so deeply fringed with borders of laurel and muscadine; on the Wild Wolf Creek, from the mighty beetling crags of table rock, in the sweet Valley of Jacossee, on Horseshoe Change, famed in Kennedy's romance, and then beyond Tawaloo in the Currahee, in the rich beauty of the leaping liquid silver of Tallula and Toccoa, and this as a spot of foreign birth, and that he had already been in prison in Greece, but had escaped by the aid of the keeper's daughters, and that he had returned to New York, for he had previously spent some time there.

Frost Salt Lake he went to the Sandwich Islands, and his history from that time is well known to the newspaper reader.

Mr. Gibson has been back once to his old home since he became Prime Minister. That was about 1877, and he delivered a lecture in the Masonic Hall, which nearly induced all the young men to go out there to raise sheep, but the next day he blasted his own hopes by letting it out that there was leprosy there. So he did not carry off any of the boys. Mr. Gibson has many warm friends and sympathizers in Anderson County, and he is connected by marriage with many of its best people. He has a sister who is now keeping a candy store on Broadway, New York.

How to Get a Crowded House.

First actor—"I am going to have my benefit next Saturday night."

Second actor—"You are?"

"Yes, but I'm puzzled to know how I'm going to fill the house."

"That is easy enough done."

"But how?"

"Invite your creditors."—*Texas Siftings.*

Justice Untempered With Mercy.

The sudden influx of people into California and their distribution throughout that wide sweep of territory compassed within the placer mines, called into requisition an army of supply trains, freighted with provisions and mining tools, for the sustenance and use of the gold-seekers. The mines in the foothills were accessible to freight wagons, while to the flats, gulches and canons in the far off mountain fastnesses packtrains toiled up the sinuous trails, leading from perpetual summer below to eternal snows above. Even yet there seems to ring in our ears the familiar "hepah, ranah!" of the muleteers, as they urged their patient and heavily-laden animals along tortuous acclivities.

In 1851-52 Marysville was the great distributive point from whence radiated the supplies for that vast mining region embraced between the Yuba and the Feather rivers. The wholesale establishments of that embryo city provided and had storage capacity for a tithe of the supplies arriving by boat, and the consequence was that hundreds of tons of the more substantial articles of merchandise was corded up out of doors with at best but canvass coverings to protect it from the weather. The Rebel of confusion around these supplies during the daytime, incident to loading freight-wagons and pack-trains, reminded one of the scenes described by travelers as attending the arrival or departure of those monster merchant caravans at Alexandria. Under cover of this confusion it was possible for tons of freight to be spirited away without the owner suspecting the larceny.

But to my narrative:

In the early spring of 1852 there were a number at as mining at the lower end of Long Bar, on the Yuba, on what was then known as Island Bar. Our little colony of bachelors lived in a row of canvass shanties, each mess doing its own cooking. As it was a half mile to the nearest provision store, and as delivery wagons was not then in vogue, the packing house of our supplies was no inconsiderable task. Under the circumstances it was not strange that we should welcome the arrival in camp of a wagon laden with a general assortment of provisions. Its proprietor cheerily inquired whether we were in need of any provisions, and announced his intention of visiting our camp once or twice a week with supplies.

Here was opposition; and upon being made acquainted with his prices we found them so far below the prices we had been paying that we at once threw off the galling yoke of monopoly and voted that provision

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - APRIL 6, 1888.

MEETING OF CANDIDATES.

All persons desiring to be candidates at the coming Democratic primary election are requested to meet the Chairman of the County Committee in Armory Hall, Ebensburg, Pa., on Monday, April 16, 1888, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. to make arrangements for holding the primary election on Saturday, June 2d, 1888. JAMES M. WALTERS.
Chairman of Democratic County Committee.

JOHN J. INGALLS, the vile slanderer of McClellan and Hancock on the floor of the United States Senate, is on the stool of repentance. The other night he made a speech to some Grand Army men in which he referred to "those gallant Generals, Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Hancock, McClellan and Logan." Ingalls is learning and this will do for a beginning.

HON. KNUTE NELSON, a Republican member of Congress from Minnesota, whose ringing tariff reform speech in the House last week will be found elsewhere in our paper, represents *thirty-one* counties, most of which are very sparsely populated, and at the election a year ago last November his majority was nearly *forty-three thousand*. He speaks for his farmer constituents.

THE Judges of the License Court in Philadelphia on Monday last announced their list of decisions for liquor license in five additional wards, and as was the case in their decisions in the first seven wards announced two weeks ago, over one half of the applicants are refused licenses. In the twelve wards which have been disposed of, 551 licenses have been granted. In these twelve wards there were 2,147 licensed saloons under the old law.

A GOOD deal of silly talk has of late been indulged in by the Republican press about the Democrats of New Jersey being opposed to Cleveland's re-nomination. The Philadelphia *Record* disposes of such bosh by the statement that with *two* exceptions every Democratic member of the Legislature of that State wants Cleveland as the candidate. It also says that the Republican members are divided between Blaine, Sherman, Allison, Depew, and "that sleek and immaculate scion of New Jersey, William Walter Phelps."

EZEKIEL E. SMITH, a colored teacher in the Fayetteville (N. C.) Normal School, was nominated on Monday by the President to be Minister Resident and Consul-General to Liberia. The position pays $4,000 a year, but of late it has not been much sought after. If Ezekiel undergoes the same tribulations in the torrid and fever breeding climate of Liberia, of which his predecessor gave such a dismal account on his recent return to this country, he will regret a thousand times that the pursuit of office ever enticed him from his home in the State of "tar and turpentine."

THE funeral service of William Dorsheimer, ex-Lieutenant Governor of New York and proprietor of the New York *Star* took place in Grace Church in that city, on Saturday last. President Cleveland, who was a warm personal friend of the deceased, accompanied by Mr. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, and Colonel Lamont, the President's Private Secretary, reached New York early in the day from Washington and were present at the ceremonies, after which they started on their return to the seat of Government. Mr. Dorsheimer's remains were taken to Buffalo, his old home, for interment.

THE executive committee of the Minnesota Farmer's Alliance, comprising members of both political parties, met at St. Paul last week, and adopted resolutions endorsing President Cleveland's message on the tariff, and calling on Congress for the immediate repeal of duties on all raw material and on the necessaries of life. A widespread feeling exists throughout the agricultural States of the great Northwest in favor of tariff reform, and the party in Congress that turns a deaf ear to their demand and refuses to carry out the platform of both parties at Chicago in 1884, will pay the penalty at the next November election.

A REPUBLICAN politician by the name of William H. Andrews, whose local habitation is Meadville, Crawford county, is floating a scheme which, if well worked, he flatters himself will defeat "Tom" Cooper as Chairman of the Republican State Committee when he asks to be re-elected by the State Convention which will meet at Harrisburg on the 25th of the present month, and substitute the before mentioned Andrews in his stead. We don't know anything about Andrews, but we have some knowledge of "Tom" Cooper, and when the contest is fought "to a finish," if any of the political remains of Andrews are left they will scarcely be visible to the naked eye.

THE name of that staunch and unflinching Democrat, ex-Lieutenant Governor Chauncey F. Black, having been suggested as that of one of the delegates to the National Democratic Convention from the York Congressional district, the Harrisburg *Patriot* endorses Mr. Black,s selection as follows:

The name of Chauncey F. Black is mentioned as that of one of the delegates to the Democratic National Convention from the York congressional district. Without intending any disparagement to the other prominent Democrats of that district it may be truthfully said that the election of Governor Black as a delegate to the St. Louis Convention would be hailed with satisfaction by the Democrats of the State. There would be a peculiar fitness in his election because of his devotion to sound principles, his unselfish and ardent support of the administration of President Cleveland and his thorough knowledge of the political situation. The services of men like Chauncey F. Black are needed in Democratic Conventions.

THE Philadelphia *Telegraph*, a well known Republican paper of that city, and independent enough to give free expression to its opinions, draws the following pen picture of the present disjointed condition of its party in Congress and throughout the country. It says:

As matters are now, the Republicans have no more than a chance of winning in November, with the odds against them; while as matters are going, a defeat will be so plainly attributable to bad generalship in behalf of purely selfish ends, that one tolerably certain result will be that the more thoughtful and enlightened men of the party will seek new affiliations, and in other ways than through the agency of the Republican organization will endeavor to promote the ends which they regard as essential to the national welfare. In the house of representatives at this moment the Republicans are figuring as donothings and obstructionists in connection with the tariff, while in the senate the men who claim to be Republican leaders—and a good half-dozen of whom are hoping to get the Republican nomination for the Presidency—are in a fit of terror over the revival of the greenback issue and the silver issue by some of their Western associates, and are seeking to hustle them out of sight and sound, but without the slightest reason to think that they will be able so to do. The Plumb man from Kansas, and the Stewart and Stanford people who represent the silver mining interests, are in a position to snap their fingers with impunity under the noses of the Sherman and Edmunds kind of Republicans, and to tell the Republican party that they have no uses for it unless it prove useful to them. If the Republican party were now in any large and righteous sense the party of high principle and high ideals that it was when it won its great victories, it would tell such men that it had no uses for them, and did not desire their affiliation. The artillery of the party management is, however, not trained on such people as these, but rather upon the men who demand that Republicanism shall now represent in some reasonable measure what it did when it elected Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, and declared that the extension of the slave power should stop.

THE committee of Ways and Means through its Chairman, Mr. Mills, presented the tariff bill and the report accompanying it, to the lower branch of Congress on Monday last. Mr. Mills announced that he would ask the House to take up the bill on Tuesday, April 17 and proceed with its consideration. There is an unlimited amount of prophecy afloat in the newspapers as regards the ultimate shape which the bill will assume, all of which is mere guesswork, as no man can form an intelligent opinion on the subject. All that can be said about the matter is this: Both parties stand pledged before the tax payers of the country to revise the tariff and reduce the constantly increasing surplus in the treasury; the people demand that this pledge shall be redeemed; the Democrats have a majority of from ten to fifteen in the House, not large certainly, but large enough to be effective, if, in considering a tariff bill, they will legislate for the whole country and not for special and sectional interests. If the Democrats in the House will bear in mind that the highest statesmanship on a question like the tariff is based on compromises, and will now go to work and pass the bill in a shape that will neither justify the cry of free trade on the one hand, nor high protection on the other, the people will approve their action. Having done this their duty will be performed to the country and to their party. The responsibility will be then shifted to the shoulders of the Republicans in the Senate.

JUDGE ARNOLD, of Philadelphia, in a case before him last week involving the legality of a marriage by an unfrocked Episcopalian minister, of Camden, N. J. (in which State there is no marriage license law) who did a land office business in marrying Philadelphia couples, decided that so far as concerns the civil contract of marriage, its validity depends on the contracting parties and not upon the person who certifies the contract, and that one man can perform the ceremony as well as another, whether commissioned to do so or not. In one respect this appears to be a very loose view of marriage, and in another a very strict view. The policy of the law has been to hold a man and woman, who assume matrimonial relations, whether regularly or irregularly, rigidly to their contract, so that a man may not, as was attempted in the case decided, throw off his responsibility by pleading that the minister had no authority to act. In this particular instance a gay and festive youth set out on a wholesale marrying career on the assumption that his Camden marriage was null and void, and that he could contract as many as he pleased, but Judge Arnold differed with him and sent him to prison for nine months.

WHEN the District Attorney of New York called the case of Jacob Sharp on last Monday, his counsel said Jacob was a very sick man and that they were not prepared to argue the motion for a change of venue. Judge Patterson then continued the case until the next day and detailed two physicians to examine Sharp and report his condition to the court. It is very remarkable that just when his trial is about to take place Sharp becomes seriously ill, and when it is over and he is released from prison by the decree of a higher court, as was the case after his former conviction, he becomes suddenly well. We cherish no ill feeling towards him, but if ever a man richly deserved to be convicted and punished for the crime of bribery and corruption, Jacob Sharp has earned such a fate.

UNITED STATES SENATOR BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, in a letter in reply to a copy of the resolutions adopted by General Robert Patterson G. A. R. Post, of Philadelphia, commending him for his manly and eloquent defense of Generals McClellan and Hancock, against the shameless and inexcusable attack upon them in the speech of John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, says he can recall few instances in his life fraught with more satisfaction than this, which "attests the approval given by brave men to his efforts to defend the memory of the brave dead."

A Republican Tariff Reform Speech.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Representative Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, whose announced determination to decline a re-election at the hands of a constituency devoted to him created such a flurry in official circles a few months ago, this afternoon took advantage of an opportunity most ingeniously secured to delivering a ringing tariff-reform speech, which surprised his Republican colleagues quite as much as it pleased the representatives on the other side of the House. Notwithstanding the fact that the sturdy Norseman has heretofore expressed his convictions in no uncertain tone, the high protectionists of his party were not prepared for such a hearty and unreserved indorsement of the principles enunciated in the President's message.

The bill to appropriate several million dollars to satisfy a judgment of the Supreme Court in the now famous Choctaw claim was under consideration and had been debated for an hour or so, when Mr. Nelson rose and, prefacing his remarks with the statement that, having several thousand Indians in his constituency, he felt qualified to speak as to what was for their best interests, launched in upon the tariff speech which he has held in reserve for some days. Mr. Nelson is not an orator, but his strong clear voice, his vigorous language, his evident familiarity with his subject and, above all, the earnest conviction with which he spoke amply atoned for any lack of oratorical polish.

When he began talking his voice was hardly audible above the din which usually prevails on the floor of the House, and as he proceeded members ceased talking, papers were thrown aside, and Democrats and Republicans alike crowded around his seat. Nearly every member of the Ways and Means Committee was present, and Mr. Nelson's enunciation of true revenue-reform principles was received by them with rounds of applause, which the Chair made little or no attempt to check. The Republicans repeatedly attempted to interrupt the speaker, but he kept steadily on until, having built up a splendid argument in favor of genuine tariff reduction, he sat down in a storm of cheers, in which even the Republicans were compelled to join.

It was not honest, he said, to call men who favored tariff reduction free-traders. The men who opposed all forms of tariff reduction were not the only friends of American labor nor the only guardians of American enterprise. The question of protection or free trade was not fairly involved in the problem Congress had to solve. The question was whether the surplus should be got rid of by extravagant expenditures or whether the taxes should be reduced. The great body of the people were agreed that the surplus should be reduced by a reduction of taxation.

The next question presented was whether that reduction should be applied to the tariff or internal revenue taxes. As to the tax on alcoholic liquors, the ultra protectionists and the ultra prohibitionists were the only ones who desired a reduction upon them. Neither of these parties was large, and the question of this reduction was not practicable.

In regard to the removal of the tobacco tax there was a greater diversity of opinion. This was a tax which, by the judgment of all nations, was the best kind of tax. It was a growing one and one which was more cheaply collected than the tariff taxes. There was no serious clamor for its repeal.

The tariff taxes might properly be divided into two heads, revenue taxes, like those on tea and coffee, and protective taxes, like those on commodities not foreign to our own country. Only so high a duty should be laid as would fairly cover the difference in the cost of production here and abroad. That is what he termed a low tariff. Any rate above that was a high tariff.

It had been the fashion to ascribe the higher wages of this country to the tariff. That he considered to be a false pretense. England was free trade, while Austria, Germany, Italy and France were protection, and yet wages in England were much higher than upon the Continent. The main cause for the lower wages of Europe was to be found in the density of population and the greater supply of labor.

He sent to the clerk's desk and had read a letter received by him from Charles T. Pilsbury, of Minnesota (who, he stated, was a prominent Republican), warmly commending his course in Congress upon the tariff question, and declaring that 90 per cent. of the Democrats and 75 per cent. of the Republicans of Minnesota agreed with him in his views. The reading of the letter was applauded on the Democratic side.

Mr. Nelson, continuing, said that when our great West is filled up and we begin to approximate Europe in population then our labor will fail to get better wages under the protective system. He read from a consular report to show the bad effects attributed to the protective tariff in Austria. When labor found no market the patient was beyond reach of tariff remedies.

He referred to the bill introduced by himself placing sugar, Manila hemp, jute, coal and Sisal grass on the free list, and said that, taking sugar all in all, every dollar's worth used in this country paid 82 cents in taxes. Hemp, jute, Sisal grass, Manila and twine had paid $63,000,000 in taxes during the last fiscal year on imports of $98,000,000, an average ad valorem duty of 64.78 per cent. He read a letter from a prominent farmer in his section, saying that binding twine cost 16½ cents per pound, which amounted to two cents a bushel on wheat, and that some relief should be afforded. Mr. Nelson sent to the desk and had read extracts from Minnesota newspapers and private letters to himself, favoring tariff revision.

The reading was received with great applause on the Democratic side. One of these letters was from a lumber manufacturer who thanked him (Mr. Nelson) for including lumber in the free list of his bill, and adding that except he feared it would embarrass the measure he would be glad to see wool included also. Another correspondent begs relief from the high tax on window glass, saying that it equals the cost of the glass at Antwerp and that the country had been long enough at the mercy of Pittsburg manufacturers. Still another man writes that Mr. Nelson's bill is good enough as far as it goes, "but for God's sake amend it by putting wool on the free list." He adjures Mr. Nelson not to be frightened by the bleating of sheep which need no more protection than hogs and hens.

Mr. Nelson next quoted Western Republican platforms declaring in favor of reduction in the tariff at an early day, and added, amid the laughter and applause of the Democrats, "and now, my friends, is the appointed time." He said that even as stiff a protectionist as Senator Sherman had been forced, at the meeting of the Home Market Club in Boston, to admit the necessity of tariff revision, and to declare in favor of the admission free of duty of such raw material and articles as did not compete with domestic products. In the face of these platform pledges and these admissions, in the face of the great and growing surplus taken from the people and used by certain banks without consideration therefor, it made him sick at heart to think that there were leading men on his side of the the chamber who, at this juncture, could not think of any other field for tax reduction than on whiskey and tobacco. Surely these were not the things on which the poor laboring man kept his family. Would it not look better to give them cheaper clothes and food and shelter? He would put free sugar, free salt and free lumber against free whiskey and free tobacco, and so would the great mass of American people. (Applause on the Democratic side.)

Move on With Tariff Revision.

It is expected that the Ways and Means Committee will present the new tariff and revenue bill to the House tomorrow, with majority reports discussing the measure. The majority report favoring the bill has already been given to the public, and the country will await the minority report with more than usual anxiety.

The majority of the committee has clearly defined its attitude on tariff revision and internal tax reduction both by bill and by report in defense of its important features; and if the minority shall do less than that, it will confess the inability of its members to declare any party or individual convictions on the subject upon which all parties are pledged to legislate.

The report of the majority is a plain, practical and obviously candid presentation of the question from the standpoint of its authors. It does not deal in generalities; it accepts the universal demand for tariff revision and revenue reduction and proposes how it shall be done, and the same duty is as clearly imposed upon the minority. If the majority bill is wrong and its report fallacious, the minority should, with equal candor, show just wherein the measure is wrong and its defense fallacious, and propose a better tariff and tax measure.

Mere complaint from the minority would be simply childish. All are pledged to tariff revision—Judge Kelly and Mr. Reed just as much as Mr. Mills and Mr. Randall—and mere criticism and obstruction must be a confession of either inability or cowardice. The country cannot be misled by threadbare campaign platitudes or theories about the tariff. It is our industries, our manufacturers, our producers and our consumers who demand tariff revision, and the majority bill and report avow their aim as distinctly seeking to promote our domestic industries.

If it can be shown that a different measure of tariff revision would better promote our productive industries, the bill of the majority should be defeated; but until that shall be done, the country will welcome every advance toward the passage of the measure reported by the committee. Let the minority of the committee remember that the country is soberly demanding tariff revision, and that no mere campaign document will command anything else than popular contempt. It is legislation that is wanted, not the campaign vaporings of party cowardice. Move on with tariff revision.—*Phila. Times. April 1st.*

The Tin-plate Swindle.

House keepers are largely interested in the failure of the tin-plate swindle that has for years been perpetrated upon them through the protective process. During the last twelve months 635,793,760 pounds of tin-plate were imported into this country, on which duties amounting to $6,357,927 were levied. This was just that much taken unnecessarily from the pockets of the people by the increase of the price of tin-ware to that extent for no good reason.

Tin is not a product of this country. The plate cannot be made here with any advantage to the manufacturer without a heavy imposition upon every person or interest using articles made of tin. There is an American Tin Plate Association that has the tin trade entirely under its control. It is a combination benefited by a heavy duty on tin, but there is no industry worth speaking of that depends for its existence upon the manufacture of tin-plate.

The tariff on this article is in the fullest sense a tax for the promotion of monopoly. Such being the case the proposition of the Mills bill to remove it should prevail. There is no reason why the vast canning interest of the country, and the thousands who use tin for domestic and building purposes should be taxed for the benefit of the American Tin Association. Tin should go upon the free list to swell the volume of industry that is inevitably enlarged by the enlargement of the amount of raw materials admitted free of duty.—*Bellefonte Watchman.*

A Gauzy Scheme.

The "Blaine-or-busters" continue their attempt to discredit the sincerity of their idol. Their purpose to try and nominate the Maine statesmen in spite of his deliberate and definite withdrawal is becoming every day more apparent.

The *Tribune*, for example, records the election of delegates in Ohio under such heads as "Not for Sherman," "Smashing the Sherman Slate," at the same time giving prominence to letters reasserting that "Mr. Blaine's letter does not preclude his nomination, and if made unanimous he is too brave and noble to decline."

Another indication of this purpose is found in the fights that are fomented between supporters of other candidates. There is scarcely a Republican prominently named for the nomination against whom serious objections are not urged by the organs or adulators of Mr. Blaine. Their purpose evidently is to have the other candidates kill each other off while the man from Maine is "out of the contest," and then bring him forward at the last moment as the only candidate on whom all can unite.

It is a game too easily seen through to deceive anybody. We adhere to the opinion expressed on the morning after the last election in this State—that "Mr. Blaine will not be renominated by the Republicans."—*N. Y. World.*

THE Western railroad strike has extended, and two other companies have become involved with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Company in the entanglement of an engineers and firemen's strike. This state of things, so embarrassing to shippers and so fraught with danger to the traveling public, has been the natural result of the stubborn disposition manifested by both parties to the controversy. Public interests are to be ignored and set at naught while railroad managers and employes play battledore and shuttlecock with the trafic of a vast section of country. The injustice to the people, however, will be lost sight of during the acrimonious warfare that will be carried on between the contending elements, and it is to be regretted that wiser counsels have not prevailed.—*Phila. Record.*

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe Cold, attended with a distressing Cough and running into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it. Trial bottles free at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The King of Siam is thirty years old and is reported to be the father of thirty children.

—The annual rush of immigrants has begun. The great majority are from Ireland. Castle Garden is kept humming.

—An impudent boy in Augusta, Me., was fined $5 and costs for saying "rats" to an old gentleman.

—The smallest people of the world are the Akkas of Central Africa. The average height for both sexes is 4 feet 5½ inches.

—A novel orange 16¼ inches in circumference and weighing 38 ounces has been found by S. H. Bacon, of San Matio, Fla.

—The ostrich farms at Los Angeles have been quite as remunerative as a show for curious sight-seers as from the sale of feathers.

—On W. A. Renfroe's farm near Bluffton, Ga., a rattlesnake was killed recently that measured six feet in length and was over a foot in circumference.

—The other day at Fresno, Cal., a ewe gave birth to three lambs, two white and one black as the ace of clubs. When the mother saw this off-color offspring she stamped on and butted the poor little fellow until it was dead.

—Frank Winnie, a Texas negro of no education, is said to be a prodigy of mechanical genius. He exhibited at the Dallas fair recently a steam-engine, of small size but remarkable power, which it is predicted will work a revolution in mechanical ideas.

—The King of Norway and Sweeden is said to be the only crowned head in Europe who refused to send congratulations to the Pope on his sacredotal jubilee. According to the census of 1880, there were only 810 Catholics in Sweden, and a proportionately small number in Norway.

—Out in Douglas county, Kansas, they have hit upon a new way of destroying wolves. A large piece of beef is placed where the wolves will easily find it, and in the fight resulting for its possession, experience has shown that one or more of them are sure to be killed.

—The ducks of Mrs. Joseph Cromwell of Xenia, O, somehow got it into their heads that Easter was approaching, and began laying colored eggs. Up to date three of these natural curiosities have been produced. The shell of one is pale green, another ashen gray, and a third is perfectly black.

—The highest-priced freak now traveling in this country is Mlle. Christine, the two-headed mulatto girl. She is paid about $750 a week, and has a white maid in constant attendance upon her. She is twenty-six years old, and has saved enough from her salary to buy a fine farm and a mansion in South Carolina.

—Indians in the United States last year cultivated 227,265 acres of land and raised 724,958 bushels of wheat, 984,972 bushels of corn, 412,137 bushels of oats and barley, 524,010 bushels of vegetables and 101,828 tons of hay. They also owned 358,834 horses and mules, 111,407 head of cattle, 40,471 swine and 1,117,273 sheep.

—A Buffalo man, who draws a pension for a wound received during the war, is very conscientious. About three days before the time comes around for him to draw his quarterly allowance, his leg gets in very bad shape, and so continues until a week after he has received his money. At other times he walks as well as other people.

—The Detroit *Journal* having announced a prize of $500 to be given to the person who should send to it before June 1st a correct guess as to the three hottest days of the coming summer in Detroit, General Greely, Chief of the Signal Service Bureau, telegraphed from Washington on Friday that July 14, 15 and 16 should be the three hottest days.

—Thousands of blind crows were seen in the woods and fields near Chattanooga recently, and people had no difficulty in approaching and seizing them. No one knows what caused their blindness. A similiar phenomenon was observed there three years ago, when so many blind crows were seen around the city that the ground was black with them, and thousands of them died of starvation.

—Dennis Jacobs, of Elkton, Dak., owns a hog that burrowed into a straw stack and was buried by snow on or before December 18, 1887. After the storm Mr. Jacobs, supposing the hog to be dead, made no effort to get it out. On March 20, after 93 days, being in need of dog feed. Mr. Jacobs commenced digging, and soon extricated a very lively and savage hog. The porker had lost 55 pounds of fat.

—The Government has already a very large school establishment for the Indians. Including agency, industrial and boarding schools, it has an aggregate of 227, with a capacity 13,766 pupils, an enrollment of 14,-333 and an average attendance of 10,520. On these schools the Government expended during the last fiscal year $1,166,025,57, besides the expenditures for construction and repairs of buildings, the transportation of pupils and sundry miscellaneous items.

—R. C. Jopp, a school-teacher in Barron county, Wis., while walking from Rice Lake to Clear Lake, was chased by wolves, and in his flight was obliged to throw away his overshoes and overcoat in order to make time. Fortunately for him he had a tin horn which he was taking to the city to have changed for a neighbor, and whenever the wolves got uncomfortably near he would blow the horn, when they would stop and he would run again, until he finally reached his destination.

—Stories of two bulldogs come from the West. One of the dogs lives in Springfield, Mo., and when the fire burns low in the fireplace before which he is accustomed to lie he goes to the woodshed, gets a stick of wood and puts it on the coals. The other dog lived in Racine, Wis., and was not as intelligent as the Missouri dog. He tried to jump through a swiftly revolving fly wheel, and, it is said, "partly succeeded. A part of him got through and other parts went off in different directions."

—Uncle Josh Hanes, of Joneboro, Ga., has had his faith in mankind strengthened in a remarkable manner. The other day a stranger came into his store and said that 28 years ago he bought a suit of clothes of Mr. Hanes and never paid for them. The merchant's books had been burned when General Sherman made his Georgia trip 24 years ago, and he had forgotten all about the sale, but the stranger refreshed the old man's memory, and insisted upon paying the debt with interest in full.

—According to *Fire and Water*, Fire Marshal Whitcomb, of Boston, has been recently experimenting with rats and matches, shut up together in a cage, in order to ascertain whether they were likely to cause fires or not. In the absence of other known cause, frequent fire shave been ascribed to their agency, while at the same time many under writers affected to scoff at the idea. The question may, however, now be considered as settled. The very first night that Marshal Whitcomb's rats were left alone with the matches, four fires were caused, and not a day passed while the experiment was being tried that fires were not set in this way. The rats were well fed, but they seemed to find something in the phosphorus that they liked. It was noticed that only the phosphorus ends were gnawed, and in nearly every instance the matches were dragged away from the spot where they had been laid.

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—David Hawley, executor of the estate of Isaac M. Singer, has received a letter from Isabelle Blanche Singer, who is in Paris, asking him to request the Courts to allow her the sum of $60,000 to meet the expenses of her coming marriage with the Duc de Caze. Miss Singer is one of six children of Isaac Singer, the sewingmachine manufacturer, by his third and latest surviving wife. He died in England in 1865, leaving a fortune of about $13,000,000 and three wives. Miss Singer is reputed to be worth about $1,500,000.

—The citizens of Virginia, Nev., complained that the Lake Tahoe fishermen stuffed the trout they sold with pebbles and objected to buying stone by the pound at trout rates. The fishermen were indignant. They said they had not been cheating, but that the trout had swallowed the stones as ballast—that the lake was of great depth and had subterranean passages to Donner Lake, and that the trout had to swallow the stones in order to sink deep enough to find the passages. This explanation was not entirely satisfactory.

—In the quaint Pennsylvanian community of economy every inhabitant is compelled to rigidly conform to somewhat exacting rules. Every one is required to attend church twice every Sunday and hear two sermons from Father Henrici. Any one found out of bed after 9 o'clock on any night is immediately banished from the town, and all are required to rise at that poetic and lyric hour, "5 o'clock in the morning." In addition to three of the squarest possible square meals daily, a free luncheon is served to the whole community at 9 o'clock every morning and at 3 o'clock every afternoon, and at each of these hours a pint of wine is meted out to every man woman and child.

—Connected with the dead letter office is a sort of museum, where curious articles that come in the mails and cannot be returned to owners are placed on exhibition. In the cabinets which extend round the room are shown articles innumerable and varied, many of which have histories. There are pictures and toys and jewelry without number. Several Indian hatchets which were unclaimed give to one of the cabinets an archaeological appearance, and a pair of Indian pipes of red sandstone cross each other in a truly peaceful style. One of the rare curiosities is a sheet of parchment, on which is pinned the Lord's prayer in fifty-four languages. It is said to be a duplicate of a parchment which hangs in St. Peter's at Rome.

The Flying Man.

I believe that athletes such as those who first obtained mastery over the problem of the bicycle could very soon learn to float, to ascend, to descend, to ride upward, to soar, and so forth, in a way which would very decisively indicate the possibility of a much fuller mastery over the problem of flight later on. Experiments which have been already made prove decisively that a man's weight can be supported by planes or sails of very moderate extent—not much greater, proportionally, to his body than an eagle's wings—if only there is rapid motion of advance or a strong current of air against their slightly slanted surface. But these experiments have not yet been so carried on as to show fully what can be done when practice in the art of balancing in the air and in making the adjustments necessary for changing the direction of flight has been sufficiently extended. Yet Mr. Charles Spencer, a teacher of gymnastics in England, was able, after obtaining no greater velocity than would be given by running down a small incline, to sustain flight by the supporting action of wicker wings for a distance of 120 feet. Besnier, indeed, towards the close of the last century, devised a method of supporting the body by pinions, which enabled him, after a sharp run, to fly across a river of considerable width. It is certain that very little is to be gained from the attempts which have been made to direct balloons. The velocity which can be given to a balloon in still air is very small. A very moderate breeze would carry a balloon one way despite all the mechanical attempts to direct it in another, let the balloon be shaped as it may. Moreover, all such attempts are dangerous, for the wind has a great hold on the necessarily large surface of a balloon, and going against the wind would subject the balloon to destructive influences. Whenever man attacks the problem of flight, seeking real advantage from its mastery, he will aim at much more than such mere floating power as the balloon gives—at more, even, than the rapid floating motion, with power of guidance, which may be obtained by the experiments suggested above. There must also be a power of energetic propulsion while still in the air. This might be obtained by suitable adjustments of levers to be worked by a man in actual flight. But while I believe flight to be possible for a man in this way, I consider the only kind of flight which is likely to be really useful to men to be that of flying machines propelled, balanced, and directed by some one or other of the natural forces man has brought under his control. That man, who has learned to traverse the land more swiftly by mechanical means than its most actual denizens, and to make the wide seas his highways by similar devices, should be unable to travel in the air, which by natural selection alone has become the home of creatures descended from reptilian forms, is to me unthinkable.—*Richard A. Proctor, in Philadelphia Press.*

Paper Bottles.

One of the most interesting of the many uses to which paper has been put is the manufacture of paper bottles.

We have long had paper boxes, barrels, and car wheels, and more recently paper pails, wash basins, and other vessels; but now comes a further evolution of paper in the shape of paper bottles, which are already quite extensively used for containing such substances as ink, bluing, shoe dressing, glue, etc., and they would seem to be equally well adapted for containing a large variety of articles.

They are made by rolling glued sheets of paper into long cylinders, which are then cut into suitable lengths, tops and bottoms are fitted in, the inside coated with a waterproof compound; and all this done by machinery almost as quickly as one can count.

They are cheaper and lighter than glass, unbreakable, and consequently very popular with consumers, while the fact that they require no packing material, and are clean, handy, and economical, commends them to manufacturers. Unlike glass, they can be manufactured and shipped at all seasons; and being made by machinery, the supply is independent of labor troubles, which are additional advantages to manufacturers who use bottles.—*Scientific American.*

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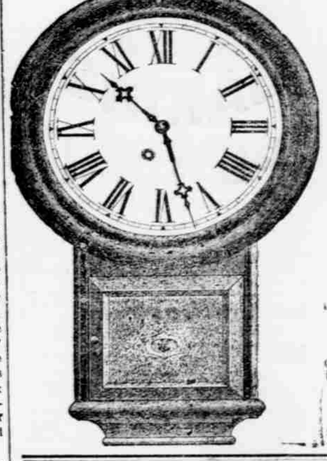

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EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - APRIL 6, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—A new school house is being built at Nicktown.

—Mr. Ed Shields, of Lorette, was a visitor to our town on Monday.

—Mr. M. R. Denny, of Gallitzin, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—Mr. Christian Walters, one of White township's best citizens, was in town on Thursday.

—Mr. E. James and daughter, of this place, started on Tuesday last on a visit to relatives in Ohio.

—Among the licenses refused in Blair county last week, was that of John Fitzharris, formerly of Ebensburg.

—Mrs. E. G. Kerr, of this place, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. L. H. Lluton, of Johnstown, returned home on Tuesday last.

—A fine vein of white limestone, about eight feet in thickness has been opened up by Mr. White about a half mile from Nicktown.

—Miss Dillie Noel, who has been in this place for the past two years, took her departure on Thursday for her home in Carrolltown.

—Messrs. Thomas Shoemaker, E. B. Kittell and H. E. Fenlon, all old Ebensburgers, but now of Bellefonte, spent Easter Sunday in this place.

—Two freight trains collided at Summerhill on last Friday evening, causing a wreck that delayed trains for several hours. No one was injured.

—Miss Clara Evans, daughter of Mr. D. Evans, of this place, who has been visiting in Pittsburgh during the past winter returned home last Monday.

—JacobPennington, one of Clearfield county's oldest citizens, who died recently, was married three times and was the father of twenty-nine children.

—On Tuesday last, after opening the bids for the building of the annex to the Almshouse the directors concluded to postpone the building for the present.

—Mr. Andrew Eckenrode, of the firm of Eckenrode & Hopple of Carrolltown, passthrough this place on Monday morning on his way to Philadelphia to buy goods.

—On Monday night about twenty Italians arrived in town, and on Tuesday morning they started for Hastings where they expect to find employment on the new railroad.

—Luther Shaffer, the murderer of Isaiah Colby and Nora, his wife, was hanged at Lock Haven on Wednesday. The execution was successfully conducted without any accident.

—Mr. Henry Campbell, of Blacklick township, on Saturday last lost his pocketbook containing $188 on the clay pike between the residence of Mr. David J. Jones and this place.

—Mr. Michael O'Neil, of Altoona, an engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad, was shaking hands with his friends in this place on Thursday. Mike fired on the branch about ten years ago.

—Mr. A. T. Pindle, of this place, while hunting a telegraph operator on Monday night, fell into a ditch which was dug for a water pipe in one of the back alleys. He sustained no serious injuries.

—A Sunday train has been placed on the Cresson & Clearfield road, leaving Cresson at 8:30 A. M., and stopping at all stations, arriving at Irvona at 10:05 A. M. Returning the train leaves Irvona at 1:45 A. M.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones removed her millinery store on Monday last to the Tuder building formerly occupied by Messrs. Dufton & Son, who on the same day removed their hardware store to the building vacated by Mrs. Jones.

—The Loretto Merchandise Company now offers their entire stock, consisting of dry goods, dress goods, hardware, queensware, ladies', men's and childrens shoes, hats and caps at cost to close out. Many goods at less than present wholesale prices.

—The New York *World* of Tuesday announced the death at Woodbridge, N. J., on Monday last, of Mrs. Ann Caroline Bolton, widow of the late Dr. Aristide Rodrigue, formerly of Ebensburg, and well-known to many of the older citizens of this place.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison

—Thomas Neary, an old citizen of Johnstown, was so badly crushed by being caught between two freight cars in the old blast furnace yard at Johnstown on Friday last that he died in about forty minutes after the accident. He was about fifty-six years of age.

—The following named persons can each obtain a letter by calling at the Ebensburg post office: Miss Emma Williams, Mr. A. V. Carpenter, Mr. Howard Himmelwright, Mr John R. McKinney, Jr. Persons applying for these letters will please state they were advertised.

—When you visit Altoona don't fail to visit the clothing store of Messrs. McConnell & Saupp, in St Lawrence Block, corner Eleventh avenue and Fourteenth street, where you will find all the latest spring styles of men's and boys'clothing, which they sell at the very lowest prices.

—Celery used as follows is said to be a sure cure for rheumatism: Cut into bits, boil in water until soft, the water to be drank by the patient. Put new milk, with a little flour and nutmeg, into a sauce pan with the boiled celery, serve it warm with pieces of toast, and eat it with potatoes.

—It is supposed the oldest inhabitant of western Pennsylvania died a few weeks ago near Apollo. Richard Lenen, well known to many in Westmoreland and Armstrong counties, fell on the ice, and the injuries received therefrom proved fatal. He was almost one hundred and three years of age.

—A pugilistic mill occurred on Monday last in the Court House, Hollidaysburg, between a limb of the law from Altoona and a Blair county official in which there was more blood spilled than at the late international contest between Sullivan and Mitchell. It was neither a hippodrome nor a draw and the Altoona man came out second best.

—The strikers at the Edgar Thompson steel works held another meeting at Braddock on Wednesday, to consider Mr. Carnegie's co operative proposition, and after a prolonged discussion decided to reject the offer. Mr. Carnegie immediately ordered a complete shut down of the great plant until January 1. Five thousand men will be thrown out.

—The barn of J. O. Richardson, in East Mahoning township, Jefferson county, was destroyed by fire the other night. Five exceptionally fine horses, fifteen head of cattle and twelve sheep were burned alive. It was impossible to save the animals, the bellowing and bleating and neighing of which, in their frantic efforts to escape, was heartrending in the extreme. The fire is supposed to have been started by incendiaries.

A Communication from Gable & Co., to You.

We want every reader of this paper to visit our store soon and see our large stock of new, choice goods in all departments. We also want you to examine the quality of our goods and note the low prices at which we sell them. We draw the line on trashy goods (won't handle them) and give you the best possible value in the market for your money. We are a strictly one price store; no favoritism and no credit. We pay cash for the goods we buy and get the benefit of it; we get cash for the goods we sell and give you the benefit of it. We want you to see our new Dress Goods, 5c. to $1.25 per yard and our new Calicoes, Peicales, Ginghams, Satines, etc., 3 3-4c. to 37 1-2c. per yard. Embroideries, (our own importation) 1c. to $2.50 per yard and Stockings, Gloves, Table Linens, Curtain Laces, Ribbons, Notions, etc., etc. Visit our store.

Wm. F. Gable & Co., 1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Penn'a.

—Messrs. Woolf, Son & Thomas, the popular clothiers of Johnstown, on Tuesday last opened up a large stock of men's boys' and youth's clothing at the Mountain House in this place. Mr. Reynolds, one of their popular salesman, is in charge and he will remain until Friday evening. Give him a call.

—The Tyrone correspondent of the Altoona *Times* says: William Myers and family left Monday morning for Carrolltown, where they will make their future home. Mr. Myers, who is a baker by trade, has been carrying on a successful bakery in Tyrone for a number of years. He will continue the same business in Carrolltown, and we wish him success in his new location.

—The Passenger Committee of the trunk lines has granted rates of one fare for the round trip to excursionists to the Republican, Democratic and Prohibition National Conventions, and to the National Convention of Knights of Pythias, at Cincinnati, on June 12. Tickets will be on sale six days before the events, and will be good for one week after the opening of the Convention for which issued.

—Mr. Robert T. Shields has accepted a situation as salesman with March the clothier in Godfrey Wolfe's old stand, next door to the postoffice in Altoona. Mr. Shields will be glad to have the pleasure of meeting all his Cambria county friends when they visit that city. The stock is all new and he will guarantee to sell better goods for less money than any other clothing house in Altoona. Give Bob a call.

—A cablegram has been received at St. Vincent's Monastery, near Latrobe, from Rome, stating that the Pope has confirmed the election of Rev. Andrew Hintenach as Abbot of St. Vincent's to succeed Abbot Wimmer, deceased. Father Hintenach is at present pastor of a church at Tuscumbia, Alabama. He is about forty-three years of age and was educated at St. Vincent's. The official papers are now on the way from Rome to America.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Mr. Thomas P. Keedy, Chairman of the Republican County Committee, gives notice that the delegate elections of that party will be held on Saturday, April 14th. The elections in the townships to open at 2 o'clock and close at 6 P. M, and in the boroughs to open at 5 and close at 7. Two delegates are to be elected from each district to meet in convention at Ebensburg, on Monday, April 16th, to elect two delegates to the State Convention, and transact other business.

—The borough of Ebensburg is without a treasurer, a street commissioner, a weighmaster, etc., on account of Democratic stupidity. The weighscales are locked and no weighing is done thereon.—*Herald*—As the borough council is composed of three Democrats and three Republicans, we fail to see where the Democratic stupidity comes in. We know it is very hard when the g. o. p. cannot have things their own way in Ebensburg; but the best thing we can do is to advise them to grin and bear it. Bear up neighbor, the school director business was a bitter pill and this one is not sugar-coated.

—A fire broke out on Gospel Hill, Altoona, on Monday morning and before it was got under control three stables and two dwelling houses were consumed. One of the stables was the property of Mrs. Rice, one of the property of Mrs. McDonald and the other belonged to Miss Jennie Scott. The two dwellings burned belonged to Mr. Haden Ivory, one occupied by himself and the other by Mr. A. J. Shultz. Mr. Ivory was formerly a resident of Clearfield township, this county, and was burned out about a year ago at St. Augustine. His loss on the buildings is estimated at $1,600 on which he had $1,000 insurance. He also losses considerable from broken and damaged furniture caused by the hasty removal from the burning building and a railroad check for $46 which is supposed to have been burned.

—The many friends of George Riddle, of Philadelphia, will be sorry to learn of his death which occurred in that city on last Monday morning. The remains of the deceased were taken to Hollidaysburg for interment on Tuesday. The deceased was well known in Cambria county, having been employed about thirty five years ago as a clerk by the late Johnston Moore, deceased, in his store at Carrolltown, and afterwards lived for a year or two at Plattsville, where he was engaged in merchandising. About thirty years ago he removed to Philadelphia where he was employed as a salesman in a wholesale dry goods house and ever since has been visiting our merchants three or four times a year. He was a pleasant and agreeable companion, full of the milk of human kindness and was esteemed wherever known. He was about 66 years of age.

—The following biographical sketch of our townsman Mr. Martin Ward we copy from last Sunday's Pittsburgh *Leader*: Martin Ward was born in Ireland in 1810, and came to this country when the ground on which the city of Altoona now stands could be purchased for almost nothing. He resides in the pretty little town of Ebensburg, on the peaks of the Allegheny Mountains, and the lovely little home that he so prides in keeping in order bears proof that he has acquired a fortune sufficient to keep him the balance of his days in ease and comfort. He has never tasted liquor in his life, but the little "Cold Dudeen" is his dearest friend. He has five children living, two of whom have devoted their lives to God in the priesthood, and the love of his wife, who still lives, and the love, honor, and respect of his children and grandchildren, and those with whom he has come in contact have made him one of the happiest men in America.

Spelling Contest.

Prof. Chapman, of Pittsburg, an ex-superintendent of this county and also one who has offered a prize, has made a selection of one hundred words to be used at the contest next Saturday at Ebensburg and Coopersdale.

Let the contestants come supplied with pen, ink, and paper.

It is desired that teachers and pupils who have been studying this list of words attend these contests.

Prof. Leech, the County Superintendent, and Prof. Welsh, of Coopersdale Academy, will conduct the contest at Ebensburg, and the one at Coopersdale will be conducted by the principal of the Academy.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Entertainment at Lilly's.

The entertainment given by the pupils of the public school at Lilly's on Monday evening was a grand success in every particular.

The opening march by the girls of the schools, all dressed in white, was admirably performed. The marching and counter marching, even of the smallest pupils was faultless and showed great care and discipline on the part of the teachers.

Master John George recited "Boys' Wrongs" in a masterly manner and was loudly applauded. "Only a Little Pair of Shoes" was the title of a song by three little misses—Ollie George, May Wheldon and Annie George. A tableau—"Child's evening Prayer" was beautifully illustrated by Maggie Ryan and C. Conrad.

A song by the boys entitled "Six Cents a Quarter for Schooling" was rendered next. The song represented old time methods of teaching and was creditably performed.

A dialogue, "No Cure no Pay" was next on the program. The characters were all taken by the girls and the parts were well carried out. Mrs. Languish, however, failed to show by *expression*, a condition requiring medical aid from the numerous female physicians who were anxious to serve her and receive the large fee offered. The stage did not admit of the play being as creditably performed as it would have been under favorable circumstances. It was too much crowded. Esther Thompson, as "Bridget," "Queen of the Kitchen" certainly faultlessly impersonated the Irish tongue to perfection.

A class of boys sung "Dear Old Sunny Home" in a very feeling and expressive manner, after which Vallie McIntosh recited "Fame" in a satisfactory manner.

The representations of "Morning, Noon and Night" by Misses Fannie Leahy, Maggie Ryan and Mary Goldy was most extquisitely rendered. Miss Leahy as "Morning" dressed in white with offerings of flowers and her bright face reflected every word of the poem she so pleasantly recited. Miss Ryan in pink, with tresses of golden hair, with bright flowers entwined about her, portrayed "Noon" to perfection, while next came Miss Goldy—darkeyed, dressed in black, with coronet and sparkling starlets shining brightly on her person, representing "Night." Her poem too as well as Miss Ryan's described most most beautifully and touchingly the characters personated.

This exercise closed with a tableau which was recalled several times.

Part second of the program opened with a song—"Open the Gates as High as the Sky" by a class of little girls. The marching with the song added grace and beauty to the little misses all dressed alike in white.

An exercise entitled "Choosing" was pleasantly given by a class of girls. This was followed by a song—"Whisper Softly Mother's Dying." It was touchingly rendered and made a profound impression on the audience. This performance was also closed with a tableau representing the dying mother with weeping maidens in pure white around the dying couch. Two little girls on an elevated possition as angels stood ready to place the crown on the shining brow.

A play entitled "The Thief of Time" was next performed by the boys and was satisfactorily rendered.

Master John George sung "Dear Old Harp" in such a feeling manner that he was recalled several times to the delight of the audience.

Miss Fannie Leahy recited "The Last Hymn," in a clear and distinct manner. The part of the poem describing the dying moments of the drowning man was a little too hastily gone over, as this is the most difficult part of the recitation, and one that calls for peculiar fitness to render perfectly. The young lady deserves great credit for reciting the hymn so creditably.

The execution of Cap. John Smith, of Virginia's fame was given by the boys with war-whoops and in Indian costume complete. The tableau closing this performance was highly appreciated and was also recalled.

The closing chorus "Good Night" was rendered by the girls of all the grades and was an appropriate exercise.

Before the song Father McDermott, assistant pastor at Lilly, announced that the entertainment would be given again on Wednesday evening, as many persons could not obtain admittance this evening.

The distribution of several articles chanced off at the recent fair was then made, after which Father Boyle, of Gallitzin, spoke briefly of the work of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the public schools and testified to their careful training and efficient teaching and recommending them to the care and support of the people of Lilly.

Thus closed the first public entertainment of the pupils of the schools at Lilly's. Every performance on the program gave evidence of the careful training and discipline which characterizes the instruction of the good Sisters of St. Joseph. Many of them, as well as Sister Superior, of Ebensburg, were present and it gave them all great pleasure and satisfaction to witness the success of the entertainment as well as the appreciation of their labors by the large audience present during the evening.

A number of persons were present from different places along the road. L.

Items from Lilly.

LILLY, Pa., April 4th, 1888.

ED. FREEMAN:—Mr. John Bender, of Scranton, Pa., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bazil Bender, of Plane 4, Washington township.

Harmon Bender, brother of John, by exposure is suffering from the inflamatory rheumatism, caused by going out too soon after convalesing from a severe attack of diphtheria.

There is no man kicks higher or looks brighter than Isaac Seese. Its a girl.

Joe. Sanders wears a long smile and looks pleasant. This time its a boy.

Evan Griffith fell while coming down the steps at his residence, causing an injury to his right shoulder and is unable to attend to his butchering business at this writing.

There will be quite an extensive law suit between our landlord John Metzgar, and Joseph Maxwell. The law will be propounded by our chief justice, 'Squire Leahey.

The entertainment given by the Sisters of St. Joseph, of this place, was a grand success, and the community should encourage their little ones to listen to the good Sisters, and when they are grown up they will not regret it.

F. C. George and his brother Lambert, are taking in the excursion to Baltimore, Washington and other points of interest.

There was a little racket in the postoffice in this place on Saturday evening. "Three to one and still Jake" was first best. X.

Argument Court.

The following cases were disposed of at Argument Court on Monday.

Michael McCullough vs. Matthew Ivory. Motion for a new trial. Overruled.

Augustine Wills vs. John H. Meredith. Motion for a new trial. Overruled.

Ellen Gillespie vs. John R. McCloskey. Motion for new trial. Overruled.

Jacob Garman, endorsee, vs. D. E. Notley, drawee. Rule to show cause. Set aside.

Use Partick Comey vs. Edward McGlade. Rule to show cause. Rule discharged.

T. C. Helme, endorsee, vs. D. E. Notley. Rule to show cause. Rule absolute.

Hugh J. Bannan, Plaintiff in Error, vs. D. G. Myers, Defendant in Error. Certiorari. Rule set aside.

Rule to show cause on John H. Murphy, assignee of John Schriber. Rule discharged.

Rule to show cause on J. B. O'Connor, assignee of Jacob Trefts. Rule discharged.

Caroline Goldshine vs. Henry Goldshine. Rule to show cause. Continued.

Exceptions to report of T. F. Zimmerman, Auditor in Kelm estate. Fee reduced from $175 to $100.

Jacob Brindle, Plaintiff in Error, vs. Garnett Seese, Defendant in Error. Certiorari. Continued.

Exceptions to road in Clearfield townsih p Continued until first Monday of May.

E. H. Flick, vs Jacob Stoltz Sr. Rule to open. Continued until first Monday of May.

C. A. Lamborn vs. James F. Gallagher. Rule to open. Continued.

Exceptions to road in Clearfield township. Continued until first Monday of May.

Rule on George W. Stutzman. Assignee of Wm. H. Cook, et. ux., to show cause Sale set aside.

Use H. J. Hopple, sur. Exr., vs. Peter Boland. Rule to open, Continued until first Monday of May.

John Watt, Garnishee, vs. Lewis McMullen. Certiorari. Reversed.

John Watt, Garnishee, vs. William Mansfield. Certiorari. Reversed.

Exceptions to road in Washington township. Continued until first Monday of May.

John A. Storm, et. al., Garnishee, vs. Francis Dodson. Certiorari. Reversed.

Spring Excursion to Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The popular demand for tickets for the Pennsylvania Railroad's select excursions to Washington has been so great and the disposition of our people to visit the National Capital is so determined, that the company has arranged another excursion for Thursday, April 12th. Of the entire series this has, without doubt, the most desirable date, as it comes at a time when Washington is in the first flush of the activity, social, political, and natural, of early spring. The side trips, too, to Richmond and Mount Vernon, are peculiarly attractive at this season.

The excursion will be run on the same plan as heretofore. The train will be composed of parlor cars and passenger coaches, and will be run through on a fast schedule. The tickets will be good for ten days, to be used going only on special train and to return by any ragular train, except the New York and Chicago Limited. A stop-over in Baltimore on the return trip is permitted. The special will run on following schedule, and tickets will be sold at the rates quoted below:

	Rate	Trains Leave.
Johnstown	$6 50	10.13 A. M.
Cresson	6 50	11.02 "
Altoona	6 50	11.59 "

Renews Her Youth.

MRS. Phœbe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 50c. and $1. at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

I Have

not used all of one bottle yet. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bled almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston *Budget*. I procured a bottle, and since the first days' use have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. David son, with the Boston *Budget*, formerly with the Boston *Journal*.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, April 4, 1888:

Thomas H. McClelland and Emma Hamilton, Johnstown.

Samuel E. Manser and Lizzie A. Holfelter, Conemaugh.

Albert M. Masters, Coopersdale, and Mary S. Alexander, Johnstown.

John W. Plunkard and Ella Bell Boring, Millville.

Thomas Tilford, Pittsburg, Pa., and Julia Ann Donovan, Ebensburg.

William M. Boring, Centreville, Indiana county, Pa., and Moriah Alice Boring, Cambria county.

T. William Flower and Emma J. Rinebolt, Johnstown.

Henry James Maloy, Cambria, and Mary M. Ream, Upper Yoder township.

Toll Williams, Johnstown, and Annie Mallam, Altoona, Pa.

T. B. Arthurs, Johnstown, and Jennie King, Adams township.

Israel Kneebone and Eliza J. Allen Johnstown.

Married.

TILFORD—DONOVAN—On Monday, April 2, 1888, in the church of the Holy Name, Ebensburg, by Rev. Father Walsh. Mr. Thomas Tilford, editor of the Pittsburg *Labor Tribune*, to Miss Julia Donovan, daughter of Mr. Michael Donovan, of this place.

Died.

HOWELL.—Died at the residence of her parents in Ebensburg on Saturday, March 31st, 1888, Miss Etta Howell, daughter of Mr. John Howell, aged about 25 years.

JONES.—Died at her home in Johnstown on Friday, March 30th, 1888, Mrs. Jane Jones, wife of Thomas D. Jones, aged about years.

The deceased was born about four miles north of Ebensburg and was a daughter of Mr. Roland Davis, deceased. She was a sister of Mr. R. R. Davis, of Ebensburg. Her remains were brought to this place for interment and consigned to their last resting place in Lloyds cemetery on Monday last.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, Pa., to me directed I will expose to public sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, Pa., on

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, '88
AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

All those two certain lots of ground situate in the West Ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., fronting 132 feet on High street on the north and running back 264 feet along Mary Ann street on the east to Lloyd street, along Lloyd street on the south, and adjoining lot of Richard Tudor on the west, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, a frame stable, a wagon shed and all necessary outbuildings.

Also, all that certain lot of ground situate in the West Ward of said borough of Ebensburg, fronting 36 feet on Ogle street on the north and running back 264 feet along Mary Ann street to Triumph street and adjoining lot No. 2 on the west, known on the plan of said borough as lot No. 1 in square 57, having a two-story frame house, a stable and outbuildings thereon erected.

Also, all those two certain lots of ground situate in the West Ward of said borough of Ebensburg, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on Ogle street, thence by said street, west 252 feet to a post, thence by lot No. 4, south 264 feet to a post, thence by Triumph street east 132 feet to a post, thence by lot No. 1, north 264 feet to the place of beginning and being known on the plan of the borough of Ebensburg as lots Nos. 2 and 3 on square 57, having a building used as a slaughter house thereon erected.

Also, all that certain lot of ground situate in the West Ward of said borough of Ebensburg, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on the south along the east side of Spruce Alley 16 perches to a post, thence east along the north side of Triumph street 4 perches to a post, thence north along the adjoining lot 16 perches to a post, thence west along the south side of Ogle street 4 perches to the place of beginning, being known as lot No. 4 on square No. 57, having an ice house thereon erected.

Also, all that piece, parcel or lot of ground situate in the township of Cambria, in said county of Cambria described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence north 31¾ perches to a post, thence east 51 perches to a post, thence south 31¾ perches to a post, thence west 51 perches to the place of beginning, adjoining land of Thomas Griffith, heirs of David H. Roberts, deceased, John Williams, Abel Lloyd and others, containing 15 acres and 22 perches.

Also, all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in said township of Cambria, adjoining lands of John Wilman, Bamford, Good, William S. Lloyd and Griffith J. Jones, containing 114 acres, more or less.

Also, all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Carroll, in said county of Cambria, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on the Ebensburg road, thence by land of heirs of John Bennett north 88½ degrees, west 114 perches to a post, thence by land formerly of Peter Huber, north 131 perches to a post, thence by land formerly of Emanuel Dishart north 83 degrees, east 159 perches to a post on the Ebensburg road, thence along said road south 9 degrees, west 72 perches to a post, thence south 12 degrees, west 40 perches to a post, thence south 9 degrees, west 44 perches to the place of beginning, containing 120 acres and 72 perches, strict measure, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, a frame barn and outbuildings. There is a good orchard on the premises. This farm is situate about three miles from Carrolltown on the old road from Ebensburg to Carrolltown.

Terms.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of the sale, the balance of one-third at the confirmation of the sale, and one-third in six months, the remainder in twelve months from confirmation of the sale. Deferred payments to bear interest, and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOHN A. BLAIR,
Assignee of Joseph Gutwald
Ebensburg, March 30, 1888.—3t.

STATEMENT OF AUDITOR'S SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Blacklick township for the year ending March 12, 1888.

JOHN BLICKENDERFER, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of road duplicate	$269 50
To am't received from Commissioners	25 00
To balance account	31 66
	$326 16

CONTRA, CR.

By am't of work on roads	$253 40
By exonerations	1 45
By returned taxes	2 20
By orders redeemed and cash paid	22 25
By services as supervisor	50 00
	$326 16

JACOB STILES, Supervisor, Dr.

To am't of road duplicate	$311 60
To am't received from Commissioners	28 85
To balance account	25 63
	$367 08

CONTRA, CR.

By am't of work on roads	$302 22
By exonerations	2 62
By returned taxes	2 50
By plow and order redeemed	16 00
By services as supervisor	42 74
	$367 08

ASSETS.

Due John Blickenderfer as supervisor	$31 66
Due Jacob Stiles as supervisor	25 63
Outstanding orders issued	13 25
	$71 54

WE, the undersigned auditors of Blacklick township, certify that we have examined the accounts of said township and find them as above stated.

T. S. EMPFIELD, PETER WAGNER, G. G. EMPFIELD, } Auditors.
Attest, G. A. NICHOLLS, Clerk.
Blacklick twp., Mar. 16, 1888. 4t.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT WITH THE SUPERVISORS OF CHEST TOWNSHIP FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 12, 1888.

CHARLES GILL, Supervisor, Dr.

To am't of duplicate	$191 26
Due township from last year	29 50
By taxes transferred	14 52
Received from Jacob Warner	10 00
For use of scoop	1 00
Order to balance account	114 16
	$359 93

CR.

By am't of work done on roads	$271 45
Personal services 47½ days @ $1.50	71 25
Paid for plank	6 50
Paid for plow points	1 75
Paid for repairing tools, etc.	1 65
Lands returned	2 30
Exonerations	5 00
	$359 93

JACOB WARNER, Supervisor, Dr.

To am't of duplicate	$336 54
Cash from last year	139 78
Order to balance account	1 38
	$477 60

CR.

By am't of work on roads	$250 94
Paid Charles Gill	10 00
Taxes transferred	14 52
Paid for plank and dynamite, etc	12 26
Orders redeemed	29 50
Lands returned	5 00
Exonerations	1 76
Personal services 35¾ days @ $1.50	53 62
	$377 60

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding orders	$
John G. Gill for blacksmithing	3 25
John Nedimyer for auditing accounts	1 50
Henry Leiden, " " "	1 50
Jacob Warner for personal services	1 38
Joseph Hipps for services as clerk	7 50
Charles Gill for personal service and work done	114 16
	$129 49

We, the undersigned auditors of Chest township do certify that the forgoing is a true and correct statement.

JOHN NEDIMYER, HENRY LEIDEN, } Auditors.
Attest, JOSEPH HIPPS, Clerk.

NOTICE—To the neirs and legal Representatives of John Rose, deceased:

Take notice that an inquest will be held at the late residence of John Rose, deceased, in the township of Lower Yoder, in the County of Cambria, on Thursday, April 26th, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same according law, at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Mar. 23, 1888.—6t

PUBLIC SALE.

The subscriber will sell at his residence in Chest Springs, Cambria county, on Saturday, April 14th, 1888, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following personal property to wit: One 9-year-old mare, 1 yearling colt, 1 cow, a lot of young cattle, 1 treadpower threshing machine, 1 mowing machine, 1 buggy rake, 1 one-horse power feed cutter, 1 two-horse wagon, 1 two-horse spring wagon, 1 covered top spring wagon, 3 plows, 1 harrow, 2 sets of work harness, 1 set of buggy harness, also many other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms will be made known on day of sale when a reasonable credit will be given.

M. J. WALTZ.
Chest Springs, Mar. 27, 1888.

POLITICAL.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

C. A. LANGBEIN.
Ebensburg, Pa., Feb. 24, 1888.

FOR SHERIFF.

John J. Kinney, of Tunnelhill borough at the coming Democratic primary election. Your support respectfully solicited.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce the name of W. D. McClelland, of Johnstown, as a candidate for Sheriff subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR.—We are authorized to announce the name of John F. Long, of Cambria township as a candidate for Poor Director, subject to the decison of the next Democratic primary election.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Assembly subject to the Democratic primary election.

LEWIS STRAYER.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John C. Noel and wife have assigned all the estate, both real and personal of the said John C. Noel to me in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said John C. Noel are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against him will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

JOSEPH MILLER, Assignee.
Wilmore, Pa., Mar. 23, 1888.—6t.

NOTICE.—The Union County Mutual Live Stock Insurance Company of Mifflinburg, Pa., has left the accounts of those indebted to them in Cambria county with me for collection. All those knowing themselves indebted will please call promptly and settle their respective assessments and save costs.

G. W. EASLY,
108 Franklin St., Johnstown, Pa.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that I have placed in the possession of my son, Michael Donaho, of Washington township, during my pleasure, the following named items of personal property, viz: One cooking stove and utensils, one bedstead and bedding for two beds, one clock, four tin buckets, eight chairs, one butchering and one tub, and all persons are cautioned not to interfere or meddle with the same. MICHAEL DONAHO.
Washington twp., Mar. 23, 1888.—3t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Edward Lynch, deceased, of Summerhill township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

JAMES GALLAGHER, Adm'r.
Summerhill Twp., March 26, 1888.

NOTICE.—In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county. To the heirs and Legal Representatives of John E. Evans, deceased.

GREETING: You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of the Orphans' Court, to be held at Ebensburg, on the first Monday of June next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of John E. Evans, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by the said court, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 3, 1888.—3t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Patrick Dunn, deceased, of Ashville borough, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

JOHN A. BLAIR,
Assignee of Joseph Gutwald
Ebensburg, March 30, 1888.—3t.

STATEMENT OF AUDITOR'S SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Blacklick township for the year ending March 12, 1888.

JOHN BLICKENDERFER, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of road duplicate	$269 50
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To balance account	31 66
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CONTRA, CR.

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JACOB STILES, Supervisor, Dr.

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By plow and order redeemed	16 00
By services as supervisor	42 74
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ASSETS.

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Due Jacob Stiles as supervisor	25 63
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WE, the undersigned auditors of Blacklick township, certify that we have examined the accounts of said township and find them as above stated.

T. S. EMPFIELD, PETER WAGNER, G. G. EMPFIELD, } Auditors.
Attest, G. A. NICHOLLS, Clerk.
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Paid for plow points	1 75
Paid for repairing tools, etc.	1 65
Lands returned	2 30
Exonerations	5 00
	$359 93

JACOB WARNER, Supervisor, Dr.

To am't of duplicate	$336 54
Cash from last year	139 78
Order to balance account	1 38
	$477 60

CR.

By am't of work on roads	$250 94
Paid Charles Gill	10 00
Taxes transferred	14 52
Paid for plank and dynamite, etc	12 26
Orders redeemed	29 50
Lands returned	5 00
Exonerations	1 76
Personal services 35¾ days @ $1.50	53 62
	$377 60

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding orders

Penny and Guinea.

"In London one can buy more for a penny and less for a guinea than in any other place on earth."

This was the dictum of one the United States ministers accredited to the court of St. James some time ago, my memory wavering between Mr. Motley and Mr. Marcy as the originator of the remark. Whichever gentleman actually uttered the words of not very vital importance, the truth of the statement is incontrovertible, and is as palpable in Mr. Phelp's time as it was in Mr. Marcy's.

I think the one great reason why there is such a difference between the purchasing power of the guinea—the former coin being relatively so much more valuable than the latter—is that England is, has always been, and persists in being an aristocratic country. In spite of the great advance of the democratic idea in late years, and the undoubted fact that in some respects England enjoys as great an amount of freedom as any republic of our day, it is nevertheless, the case that practically only two classes of people are recognized in England, namely, the rich and the poor, the aristocratic and the plebeian. The rich are very rich; the poor are very poor. A guinea is nothing to the former; a penny a great deal to the latter. Hence, as little as possible is given to the rich for their guinea; as much as possible to the poor for their penny.

In making this positive statement I'm aware that I am laying myself open to a counter argument of great strength, which would truthfully indicate the existence of an most important element of English life, to wit: the middle section of the community an enormous body which ranges between the aristocracy and the plebeins in endless gradations, touching the upper ranks on the one side, and the lower on the other. The question would take some time to thresh out, but being so, would indubitably prove that, as I have said, the population of England is separated into two great divisions of the great human family, who are widely known and spoken of as "the classes and the masses."

Keep Farm Records.

Every farmer is to a great extent a manufacturer, and ought to keep a record of his operations. This is the key to success in any busines. But the soil-tiller should attend to some other matter in connection with his accounts. A map of his farm, with each field numbered, and its size, quality of soil, etc., specified, will be a great aid in keeping track of the year's transactions. How many farmers have such a guide and convenince? And how many kept such memoranda in 1887 as will enable them to tell the expense of each crop grown? And how about the domestic animals? If you keep cows, what have they paid you per head in the aggregate? And what of the sheep, swine, and even the chickens? How much did each contribute to your income, and which was the most profitable? Those who can answer these pertinent questions must be well advised in regard to their financial position, and need no admonition; but we fear many are utterly unable to give any detailed account of their farming operations, or whether the balance is on the right or wrong side of the ledger. It is needless to say that such management would soon wreck almost any commercial enterprise, and hence the frequent complaint that "farming don't pay" is not surprising. What we write is intended to be suggestive rather than admonitory. Keep an accurate account of your doings, and you will not only be wiser but ere long richer in consequence. In fact resolve that you will know how you stand at the close of 1888, whoever may meantime have been elected President of the Republic or Governor of your Commonwealth.

The End of the World.

The age of the earth is placed by some at 500,000,000 years, and still others of latter time, among them the Duke of Argyll, places it at 10,000,000 years, knowing what processes it has gone through. Other planets go through the same process. The reason that other planets differ so much from the earth is that they are in a much earlier or later stage of existence. The earth must become old. Newton surmised, although he could give no reason for it, that the earth would at one time lose all its water and become dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct. As the earth keeps cooling it will become porous, and cavities will be formed in the interior, which will take in the water. It is estimated this process is now in progress so far that the water diminishes at the rate of about the thickness of a sheet of writing paper each year.

At this rate in 6,000,000 years the water will have sunk a mile, and in 15,000,000 the water will have disappeared from the face of the globe. The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is an inappreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creatures we know can breath and live; the time will come when the world cannot support life. That will be the period of old age, and then will come death.

Cultivating Loafers.

The Detroit *Free Press* partly solves the presence of tramps and loafers in this way: There are 100,000 girls taking the places which 100,000 boys should occupy in the business of the country, and the result must be an increase of shiftlessness and loaferism on the one hand, and a decrease of vigor in the manner of doing business on the other. After a girl has kept a boy out of a place until he has been compelled to turn to something else, she is ready to get married, and the boy probably ruined, or not to be found in the channels of business.

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Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

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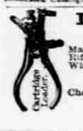

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The News of the World—The Times has all the facilities of access pertaining to gathering news from all quarters of the Globe, in addition to that of the Associated Press, now covering the whole world in its scope, making it the perfection of a **newspaper**, with everything carefully edited to occupy the smallest space.

The Coming Year will be one of universal public interest in the United States. Party organs will perform their duties as party interests shall demand, but the rapidity growing intelligence and independence of the age calls for the Independent newspaper when great political conflicts are to be met. Grave problems of revenue, of finance, of commerce, of industry, of science, of art and every phase of enlightened progress are in constant course of solution by the people of the Union, and the progressive newspaper is ever in the lead in every struggle for advancement.

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A Wronged Woman.

Job was a wonderfully afflicted man, but as a partial compensation for it he had the sympathy of the human race for 4,000 years. But it has not been so with Job's wife. Nobody has ever spoken a kind word of her. On the contrary, she has been held up for forty centuries as a horrible example.

But for all that, we are confident the poor woman deserves a better place in history than she has ever occupied. If she was sour-tempered, she had enough to give an acid tinge to her disposition. She was made to drink the dregs from a very bitter cup, and it is probable she bore her troubles with about as much equanimity as the average woman would do.

In the first place she was suddenly reduced from luxury to penury. Any unfortunate woman who has suffered this ordeal knows just the frame of mind Mrs. Job was in.

In the next place, she was bereft of her children. There is no grief so burdensome as that which falls upon a mother's heart when the grave hides her children from sight.

In additon to the accumulation of sorrows, she was left with an invalid husband on her hands. Job was covered with boils, and experience has taught us there is no more exasperating patient than a man with a boil on him. There are wives, and good wives, too, in this Christian land of ours, whose lives have been made most miserable for days and weeks at a time by a husband and one boil.

Just think, then, what this poor woman had to endure with a husband with perhaps from five hundred to one thousand boils on him. Is it any wonder that the woman encouraged her husband to terminate his existence? The only wonder is that she didn't cut her own throat in despair.

But these were not all the troubles that Job's wife had to bear. Her husband's friends came on a visit to him and took possession of the house for six weeks at a time. Other women, and good women, too, have had to endure the same affliction, and they can very easily account for Mrs. Job's exhibition of bad temper. Job got worried with the three visitors himself, and yet he didn't have to wait on them, to clean up their rooms, to wipe the tobacco juice from the parlor carpet every day, to sweep out the mud they carried in on their boots, and to submit to the thousand and one annoyances that a male visitor gives the housekeeper.

It is about time that somebody was raising a voice in defense of Job's wife and saying a kind word for the poor woman, who, for 4,000 years has suffered the slings of unjust criticism is uncomplaining silence.

There are a great many Job's wives in the world to-day. We meet them every day. They may not have husbands with boils on their bodies, but they have husbands who go to clubs of evenings. They have husbands who are selfish enough to devote all their time to business and pleasure without considering that a portion of that time of right belongs to the woman, the charm of whose existence is his companionship. The Job's wives of to-day are the women who are burdened with the cares and sorrows of this life and who get no sympathy. And their name is legion.

A Hunter's Death.

A Kentucky newspaper—the Paris *Citizen*—seventy years old, and just found among some old papers, gives the following account of the death of Daniel Boone:

"As he lived so he died, with his gun in his hand. We are informed by a gentleman direct from Boone's settlement on the Missouri that early last month Colonel Boone road to a deer lick and seated himself within a blind raised to conceal him from the game. That while setting thus concealed, with his trusty trifle in his hand, pointed toward the lick, the muzzle resting on a log, his face to the breech of his gun, his rifle cocked, his finger on the trigger, one eye shut, the other looking along the barrel through the sights—in this position, without a struggle or motion, and of course without pain, he breathed out his last so gently that when he was found next day by his friends, although stiff and cold, he looked as if alive, with his gun in his hand just in the act of firing."

It is Well to Remember.

That slander, like mud, dries and falls off.

That he who gathers roses must not fear thorns.

That to wait and be patient soothes many a pang.

That all are not princes that ride with the emperor.

That correction is good when administered in season.

That it takes a great deal of grace to be able to bear praise.

That you will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

That to have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.

That there is no limit to the age at which a man may make a fool of himself.

That the roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.

That the man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the business of others.

EVERYONE knows how difficult it is to remove weeds from the garden walk when they have once become rooted and grounded. Salt is one of the remedies most frequently employed, and the following is said to be the best way of applying it: Boil the salt in water, one pound to the gallon, and pour the mixture boiling hot out of a watering pot with a spreading rose. This will keep weeds and worms away for three years. In subsequent application the solution may be somewhat weaker. It will be well to take care that none of the liquid falls on the garden mold.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

A Human Magnet.

Late in August last, while taking a vacation in a country town, I heard of a case that was causing considerable discussion and wonderment among the people. Lovers of the mysterious, who are always ready to attribute any manifestations at all peculiar to supernatural agencies, were indulging in various wise speculations as to the true nature of the case. The child is termed a "human magnet" by the believers in and practisers of magnetic rubbings, while the Spiritulists declare the child a chosen medium. My curiosity became aroused and I asked permission to see this wonderful prodigy. Permission was granted and I saw the child at two different times, making my visits some days apart. I found a pretty, delicate child, Dolly C., aged three and one-half years, an only child; blonde, with a pale and rather waxy complexion. Her manner of speech and conduct were characterized by a womanly grace much in advance of her tender years.

Last February the phenomenon I described was first noticed. While playing with some spoons the mother was surprised to see her arranging them on her finger tips, where they hung with perfect ease. She will place the palmer surface of the finger tips in the concavity of the spoon-bowl near the end, and lift from the holder, one by one, without otherwise touching them, until a spoon is suspended from each finger tip. If the spoons do not strike too violently against each other she will carry them about the room without dropping them. The spoons will adhere to the nose and chin as they do on the fingers.

I examined the case in various ways. First I tried four teaspoons with a magnet; one pure silver, one pewter, one triple plated and one single plated or washed. The pure silver or pewter spoons were not influenced by the magnet; the heavier plated was only partially raised, while the washed spoon was raised entirely clear of the table. I carried these four spoons with me, for the child to exercise her anomalous power of prehension upon. Each one was suspended with equal ease except the one of pure silver. This one was lightest in weight, and the bowl was considerably flatter than any of the other three. But after arranging it upon her fingers a few times she succeeded in making it "stick." Asking her to put her fingers under the spoon-bowl, I found a very appreciable resistance in taking it off. The spoons would hang from the tip of the nose and chin with as much security as from the fingers. Thinking the adherence might be due to an excessive clamminess of the skin I tested its surface with my own finger tips. Not discovering any, and to make sure I was deceived by my own sense of touch, I had the hands, nose and chin carefully washed with soap and water and dried with a warmed towel. I found no perceivable difference in the adhesiveness. The child could not pick up a steel needle, that is so sensitive to the magnet, nor would a penny "stick" to the fingers, chin or nose. I could discover nothing unusual in the shape of the finger tips. The skin was soft and velvety to the touch and I could be sure of clamminess nowhere except on the pinna. The hands and feet were warm to the touch when I saw her, and her mother states that she is not often troubled with cold feet or hands.

The little patient's mother also told me that her sister's daughter, a young lady of nineteen years of age and "always sick," as she expressed it, manifests the same singular power. This case I did not see, but have no reason to doubt the lady's statement, as she and her whole family are known to be truthful and honest.

I have been thus particular in giving all the available points in the family history of the case, hoping thereby some light might be thrown upon the singular phenomenon.

Faith Cure for Warts.

A young lady in town has been very much troubled over a number of large warts on her hands. She has tried every remedy she ever heard of with the exception of having them removed with the knife. And all to no effect, until a last novel remedy has done its work. She claims to have got it from a gypsy woman. She cuts pieces of paper in squares and large enough to cover a wart. After wetting them she plastered one of them on each wart. When the pieces of paper had dried she took them in the full of the moon and placed them upon the ground beneath the eaves of a building, where the water would drip upon them. After they had been thoroughly wet she placed them in an oven to dry, and finally she placed them in the shape of a triangle upon her hand and then thrust her hand out of a third-story window and blew them off to the winds. In three days the warts had disappeared. She is so confident of the cure that she recommends it to all her friends.

Candy for Philadelphia.

Philadelphia claims to make and eat more candy in proportion to population than any other city in the country. There are eighty-seven manufacturers and wholesalers and 1,200 retailers, and they use more than $1,000,000 of capital and consume 100,000 tons of sugar every year. Caramels are a great specialty of the trade in that city. For other places much chocolate and walnut candy and many gum drops are made. Six tons of gum drops were shipped from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh the week before Christmas. Brooklyn makes the most chewing gum, it is said, and Boston eats the most of it.

Speer's N. J. Wine.

It is said to be the most reliable wine in the market. Physicians prescribe it as superior in cases of debility, langour, and prostration of strength. It is also an excellent restorative for indigestion. Numerous letters have been written by lawyers, lecturers, and distinguished divines speaking in high terms of approbation of the healthy blood making and invigorating properties of Speer's wine, especially the Port.—*Republican.*

It is sold by druggists.

THE meanest of all hypocrites is the one who shelters himself under the mantle of charity.

DO YOU CHEW?
Then get the BEST which is FINZER'S OLD HONESTY
Genuine has a RED H tin tag on every plug.
OLD HONESTY is acknowledged to be the purest and most lasting piece of Standard Chewing Tobacco on the market. Trying it is a better test than any talk about it. Give it a fair trial.
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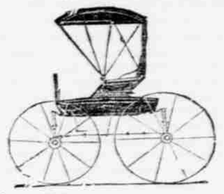
CARRIAGES, WAGONS & SLEIGHS



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D. M. CHUTE.
Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

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"JENNIE JUNE"
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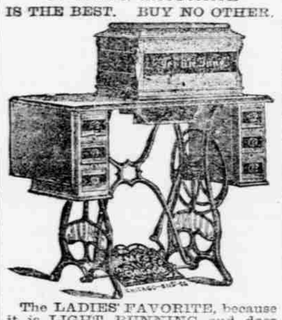
IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.



The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.
AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
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SALESMEN WANTED
To Solicit Orders for our Choice Nursery Stock
We have steady work for honest, sober, industrious men. Salary and Expenses, or Commission, if Preferred. We grow a full line of fruit and hardy ornamental stock, including the new and rare sorts. Everything strictly first-class. Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. The business is easily and quickly learned. State age. Name this paper. Address, R. G. CHASE & CO., 1430 South Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from youthful imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, loss of memory and sexual incapacity. CURES OLD and YOUNG. Price $1 per box. Prepared and for sale at Dr. Hobensack's Laboratory, No. 206 N. 2d Street, Phila. Send for circular.

THE BEST WAY
To get a First-Class Watch is in our Co-Operative Clubs.
FINE WATCHES
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES
Only $1.00 a Week.

Thousands of the best $38.00 Gold Watch ever made are selling in our Co-operative Clubs.
This is the *Best, Cheapest, Most Convenient,* and *only* co-operative System of selling watches. The watches are American Lever Stem Winders, containing every essential to accuracy and durability, and have, in addition, numerous patented improvements found in no other watch. They are absolutely the only *Dust* and *Dampproof Movements* made in the World, and are Jeweled throughout with *GENUINE RUBIES.* The *Patent Stem Wind and Set* is the strongest and simplest made. *They are fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service, to any $75 Watch.* Our co-operative Club System brings them within the reach of every one.

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926 Chestnut St.,
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We refer to any Commercial Agency. AGENTS WANTED.
Clubs Constantly Forming. Join Now and Save Money.
WE HAVE AGENCIES IN EVERY LARGE CITY. WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

Study the Capacity of the Farm.

Every farmer should study the capacity of his farm, so as to be able to turn its resources to the best account. Some farms are naturally adapted to grass production, and can be made to produce heavy crops of hay yearly for a long time. Other farms soon run out when seeded to grass, but are good for cropping. On such farms a large area should be plowed yearly, cropped and fertilized, and seeded down. For a few years good crops of grass can be obtained, and then the land needs to be seeding. The aim on such farms should be to have from one-third to one-half of tillage under the plow at the time, so that the grass land will be newly seeded, and the farmer will be able to replow as soon as the grass begins to run out. Then there are farms that are rocky and rough. The soil is stony and fertile, but is not adapted to cultivation. Apple trees, perhaps, will thrive with remarkable vigor on such land, and the farmer should accept the indication, and plant it to apple trees until he has all he can take care of. A man in East Winthrop, Me., had a farm of that character. It was of little value for tillage, but he found that the Roxbury russet throve remarkably well, and produced excellent fruit. He "took the hint," and set his farm to Roxbury russet trees until nearly thirty acres were covered. Now, in some years he sells $2,000 worth of fruit. He has made a rocky and almost worthless farm one of the most valuable in town, simply because he used it for the purpose that it was best adapted. This is what the farmer should try to do—study the capabilities of his farm, and then try *so to manage* it that he will draw out of it the best that it is capable of affording. It will not do to manage farms all in one way on account of the great diversity in soils and physical conditions.

A Vision of Unreal Horrors.

Out on Washington street, in the western part of Portland, Ore., resides a family of swedes, one of the older sons of which has been working along the docks in the northern pert of the city at the foot of Twenty-first street for the past few weeks. On the other afternoon, while three members of the family were engaged in garden making, being in full view of the river, they perceived the waters to grow suddenly turbulent. They lashed their waves angrily and rapidly arose. This movement of the river was first noticed by the mother, who directed the attention of the others to the battle of the waves. The three gazed in wonderment and fear at the rising waters. On and on the mad billows tore ingulging wharf and men and houses near by.

Screaming they ran toward the scene of their drowning son and the other workmen, but when they had proceeded a few blocks the scene changed—the horrible vision vanished—and the beautiful Willamete once more sparkled and danced beneath the genial rays of a western winter's sun, as was her wont. The high waters had receded, and the laborers were to be seen hurrying to and fro on the river's brink, as before.

No explanation of the strange phenomena is offered or attempted. Analyze it as you please. Say as was an optical illusion, a strange hallucination, a miraculous mirage, or the freak of fertile and highly wrought imagination. But the one remarkable coincidence of the spectral affair remains, viz.: That precisely the same vision appeared to three persons at exactly the same time. The parties are certain they witnessed the ravishing encroachments of the sea on that afternoon, while no such rise of waters has ever been known anywhere on the Pacific Coast.

Short Stops for Farmers.

The last snow is the best bed for grass seed.

Any fool can farm—so long as his money and credit last.

Water is often mistaken for disease among the new litters.

The crop that makes the profit is the crop that beats the average.

Tilling has doubled some men's farms—not broader, but twice as deep.

Straight rows are more pleasing to the eye and less tiresome to the hand.

The oldest resident can't remember when a green fodder crop came amiss.

Jack Frost about stakes and posts is making work for the maul on top of them.

Foresight is so much more valuable than hindsight because it is so much scarcer.

Wind, rot, and a breachy animal, like the measles, always find the weakest spot.

Better begin the spring with only one pair of trousers than without a grindstone.

While condemning that which deserves it, don't forget to commend work well done.

The man who leans upon novelties is apt to fall into a very old thing—a pauper's grave.

The doctor who rejoices at clean premises and good gardens loves his neighbor as himself.

Work is hard to drive, but if you will put yourself ahead of it it will follow without trouble.

Last year's corn stalk will be a troublesome neighbor to the roots of this year's corn plants.

If a much distended udder threatens garget, put the cow on dry feed and milk her before calving.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

WHY is a lover like a kernel of corn? Because he turns white when he pops.